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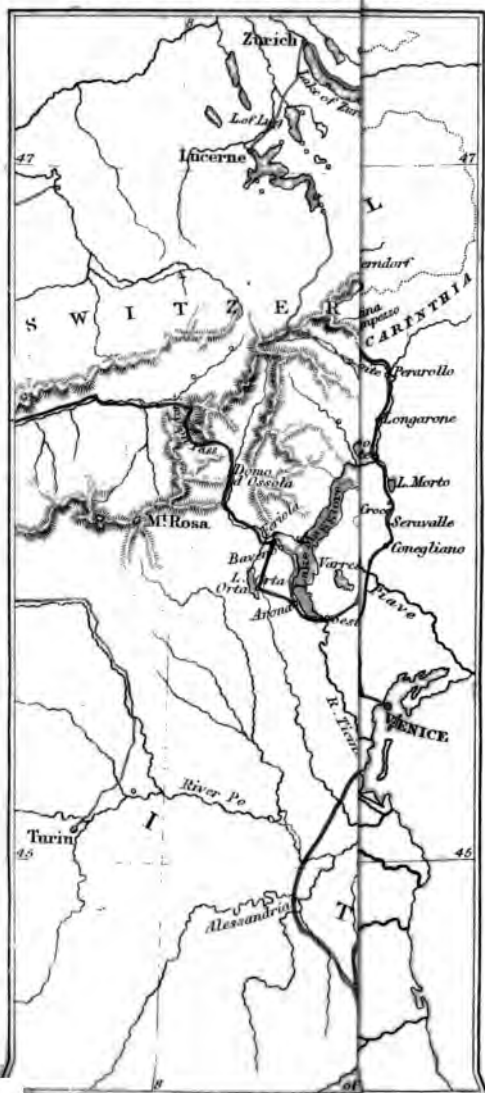
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ROUTE MAP FROM THE STANCE.



A JOURNAL
KEPT DURING
A SUMMER TOUR
FOR
THE CHILDREN OF A VILLAGE SCHOOL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"AMY HERBERT," "GERTRUDE," "THE CHILD'S
FIRST HISTORY OF ROME," &c.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III.

FROM THE SIMPLON THROUGH PART OF THE TYROL
TO GENOA.



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PREFACE

TO

THE THIRD PART.

SINCE the first part of this Journal was published, some surprise has been expressed to the writer, that so much trouble should have been taken for a class of children who were not likely to profit by it.

If this objection had been brought forward twenty years ago, it would have been unanswerable. When the instruction of the lower orders was confined to Scripture reading, writing, and arithmetic, it would indeed have been useless to bring before them subjects demanding some little previous acquaintance with History and Geography.

But the plans both of the Government and the National Society, go far beyond this elementary teaching—whether wisely or unwisely is not now the question. Geography and History form essential parts of the lessons of village schools; and in order to keep pace with this advance in instruction, parochial libraries are filled with extracts from Travels, Sketches of Natural History, Biography, &c. These books are

for the most part exact and well written, and contain good moral and religious principles ; but the language is often beyond the comprehension of children, and therefore it frequently happens that they are not read.

The wish to supply some information, however slight, in a more easy style, must be the excuse for the experiment now made.

There can be no question that the same materials, in abler hands, might have been employed in a work of real value. But if the impressions of so rapid a journey — taken for recreation, without any definite object — had not been written for children, they would never have been published at all ; the result of the writer's experience being, a perception not so much of the amount of knowledge acquired during her tour, as of absence of the previous information necessary to profit by it adequately.

June 17th, 1853.

JOURNAL OF A SUMMER TOUR.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

MY waking feelings on the first morning when I really felt that I was in Italy were very delightful. I had, indeed, been in the dominions of the King of Sardinia at Chamouny, and, I suppose, strictly speaking, I was then in Italy. But amidst the ice and snow of Mont Blanc and the glaciers, it was impossible to think of Italy as the bright country which it had always been described. At Isella all was different: my toothache was gone—in itself a sufficient cause for thankfulness and good spirits; the sky was cloudless, the air warm and refreshing, the scenery very lovely. I really do not think it would have been possible to find a party more prepared to enjoy themselves than we were, when, having had our breakfast, we placed ourselves in the two carriages, and set out for Domo d'Ossola, the place at which we were to stop in the middle of the day. I really longed to carry away a sketch of Isella; for before we started one of my companions called me to the bridge which crossed the torrent, and bade me observe what an exceedingly beautiful view was formed by the dark cliffs on each side of the stream, and the glittering snow of the mountains rising beyond them. Seen in the light of a brilliant Italian sunlight, with the water sparkling as

it dashed down the deep ravine, it was quite perfect. Through this ravine went our road for a very considerable distance, close to the edge of the torrent, and shut in by the cliffs. It passes in several places through galleries cut in the rock, similar to those which we remarked when crossing the Simplon. The King of Sardinia is bound to keep the road in good order; but it is said that he does not take much trouble about it, and has allowed it to become more out of repair than it ought to be. Certainly in one place it was quite broken away, but then on the other hand, there were a great many persons employed in restoring it, and Sardinian officers were superintending the work: and a very pretty picture the people made scattered about under the dark cliffs.

I was not sorry to leave the ravine at last and reach a more open country; mountainous still—for it was impossible so soon to be out of the reach of the Alps—but less shut in. It is this view of a wider extent of country which first gives one the full impression of being in Italy. The dark rocks, and the foaming torrent at Isella, might very well belong to Switzerland; but the scenery near Domo d'Ossola is something only to be found in Italy. A house in Switzerland is brown; in Italy it is white. A church in Switzerland is usually a small poor-looking building; in Italy it may be small in itself, but close to it rises a tall, square tower,—a bell-tower, or campanile, as it is called,—looking as if it would willingly reach to the pure blue sky above it. Forests and woods in Switzerland are dark and melancholy, for they are formed almost entirely of firs and pines; but in Italy there are chestnut trees with their green leaves, and acacias almost yellow in their brightness, and luxuriant vines creeping over

houses and trellis-work or spreading from tree to tree. A gayer, happier-looking country than that in the neighbourhood of Domo d'Ossola can scarcely be imagined. I forget the exact time when we left Isella; but it was between eleven and twelve o'clock when we stopped to rest the horses and dine — very early certainly to think of dinner; but when travelling with a voiturier it is necessary to keep the hours which suit him. Domo d'Ossola was our first specimen of an Italian town. The houses were white, and the streets tolerably good, with two lines of pavement, formed of granite stones, laid down the middle, on which the wheels of the carriages rolled along perfectly smoothly, instead of jolting over rough stones as they do in Germany. The hotel was not far from the entrance of the town. It was built round a large court-yard, into which we drove. The business of the inn was apparently carried on in the lower rooms, and above were open galleries by which persons might go in and out of the sitting-rooms and bed-rooms, which opened upon them. The walls of this court-yard were painted in bright colours; a little the worse for wear, perhaps, but still fresh enough to give the place a very gay appearance, totally unlike our English notion of an inn in a country town.

We were shown up stairs into a large room, uncarpeted, and without much furniture; from this opened a bedroom, and beyond that another; forming what is called a suite or set of rooms — for this is the Italian fashion. The great object in the hotels seems to be to have plenty of space, so as not to be overpowered by the heat.

Dinner having been ordered, we set off for a walk. It was very hot, but we were not at all inclined to

complain of that circumstance; and passing down the principal street of the town, we turned up a path which led to what is called a Monte Calvario, or Mount Calvary. The name will at once give you an idea of what is meant, though we have nothing of this kind in England. Perhaps you may remember my describing some little chapels, placed at different distances, as we were going up the Righi, at which persons are accustomed to stop and to say prayers. A Calvario is something of the same kind, the hill being generally remarkable for the beautiful view to be obtained from it. The people we met were quite different from the Swiss; not by any means as active looking, but much handsomer, with dark-brown complexions, dark hair, and eyes. The women wore handkerchiefs tied over their heads, but their dress was not otherwise peculiar. They gave me the idea of living out of doors entirely. The path of the Monte Calvario was paved and very steep, and though the views were exquisitely lovely, I was soon tired, and turned back by myself, whilst my companions went on, one of them wishing to sketch. A quiet walk by oneself in a strange country is very pleasant at times. It gives leisure for thought, and enables one thoroughly to realise that one is in a foreign land; whereas in general the mere fact of being with those one is accustomed to, and talking about common things, takes off the feeling of strangeness and novelty. I very much liked my walk home, and every step gave me something new and amusing; though I could not help feeling how remarkable I must appear to the inhabitants of the place in my English dress. I had myself seen a very curious dress, when we all set out together, — that of a Capuchin Friar; one of a set or order of



Romanists who, of their own accord, live in poverty, depending upon the charity of others for support, and profess to devote themselves to a strict religious life. The Capuchin Friars go barefooted, and wear a long brown cloak with a hood to it, and a cord round their waists. Dinner was ready when I reached the house. We dined alone, for a table d'hôte is not common in Italy. The dishes were fewer and smaller than in Switzerland and Germany, but much more delicately dressed. They reminded me more of those which I had formerly seen in France.

Between one and two o'clock we set off again, having some distance to go in order to reach Baveno, a town on the Lago Maggiore, or Lake Maggiore, where we thought of sleeping. If we arrived there sufficiently early we also hoped to have a row on the lake to a celebrated island—the Isola Bella, or Beautiful Island.

I have not yet told you about our voituriers, although they were very important persons, and a great deal of our comfort depended upon them. The head voiturier, to whom the carriages and horses belonged, was an Italian, named Daval, a short, rather thick-set, man, with a fair complexion, sandy hair, a yellow beard, and a pair of sharp blue eyes; not, I think, particularly clever, but very civil and obliging. The under voiturier was a Swiss, rather tall than not, and as black as his companion was yellow; black hair, black eyes, black whiskers, and a dark complexion; altogether a handsome, pleasant-looking, man, and certainly possessed of the larger quantity of brains. The horses were very good upon the whole. There were three in the larger carriage, two in the other. One poor thing was lame, and was taken more because his master did not know how to leave him behind, than for any other reason.

He was a good horse, and managed to get on very fairly, though every now and then he was fastened behind the carriage instead of in front. The Italian had a tolerable knowledge of French, and could speak a few words of German; the Swiss spoke French and a little Italian; so that between the different languages we all managed to make ourselves understood.

From Domo d'Ossola to the Lago Maggiore I do not know that there is any thing very remarkable to be noticed. The road is broad and good, like a turnpike road in England, only not bordered by clipt hedges. It passes through a broad valley, and there are pretty views of the hills on each side, and the Alps behind, and a small river flows down from the mountains to pour its waters into the lake. Villages and houses are scattered about, with trees, vineyards, and fields of maize or Indian corn,—a grain much cultivated in this part of Europe. The people make their bread of it as they do of wheat in England. It is a very handsome looking plant, and grows to a height of four or five feet. It has one straight stalk, from which long large leaves hang down. The corn grows in very large bunches half way up the stalk. When ripe it is a bright yellow. I often afterwards saw it spread upon the ground, or hung out of the windows of cottages, to ripen. The blue sky and the warmth were delicious, and there was little either in the climate or the scenery to remind one of Switzerland, except the view of a splendid snow mountain at the end of a valley—the Monte Rosa—the second highest mountain in Europe.

One circumstance which happened was, however, more Italian to my notions than any sight. The road led us to the margin of the river, which was rather

broad, but not at all too broad for a bridge. In England one would have been built over it without delay; and so once in Italy there had been a bridge; but it had been broken away, and when we now wanted to cross, a huge ferry-boat came up to the banks, and in this, carriages and horses, men and women were to be placed; the horses, of course, strongly objecting to such a proceeding, and requiring sundry calls and cuts to induce them to leave the firm land and put their feet on board the rough vessel which was to bear them to the other side. They did get on board though, and we went with them, for we still sat in the carriage; and then, more slowly than I can hope to make you understand, we moved off. Two minutes or less would have been sufficient to allow us to cross the river on a bridge; ten, at least, were taken in the ferry; and this happened in two parts of the river; and when I said that I supposed the bridges had been broken away lately, and would soon be rebuilt, I was told, "Oh! the mischief had been done for some years." But the people were satisfied with the ferry, and so I suppose they will continue. The indolent look of the Italians gives one the idea that it must take a great deal to induce them to exert themselves; and indeed I can feel with them to a certain extent. The soft air is exceedingly pleasant, but does not inspire the least wish to work. On the contrary, one cannot help believing that it must be very pleasant to sit out of doors under the vineyards and do nothing all day, though I dare say experience would make one change one's mind.

We stopped much sooner than I had expected at an hotel standing by itself by the road-side. The hotel at Baveno we had learnt was likely to be bad, this one

at Fariolo was good ; and whether we stopped at one place or the other would be of no consequence, as we should still be able to take a boat and row to the Isola Bella ; Fariolo being close to the lake. For myself, I was well contented with the arrangement. I had caught a glimpse of the smooth blue waters of the lovely lake, and the sooner I found myself upon it the better I knew I should be pleased. Only I was rather tired and hungry, and it was said that we were not to have our tea till we reached the island, which would be at least half an hour. The boat was drawn up close to the shore, and we all got in ; an awning was over our heads to shelter us ; two men were ready to row us. The water was exquisitely smooth ; the views all round were most lovely ; mountains on every side of the lake, soft, and smooth, and sunny looking ; very different from the stern, rugged rocks bordering the Lake of Lucerne : nothing could be more delightful. But—it is such a pity that one cannot forget one's bodily feelings—my head was beginning to ache because I wanted something to eat. The Lago Maggiore is about fifty-two miles long, and nine wide in the broadest part. Besides the beauty of the shores there are three islands which are particularly to be remarked. One is the Isola Bella, to which we were going ; the others are the Isola dei Pescatori, or the Fisherman's Island ; and the Isola Madre, or the Mother's Island. They are all rather near to each other. On the Isola Madre we were told there was not much to be seen except a curious collection of shrubs and plants ; but I have since heard that it is extremely beautiful. The Fisherman's Island is chiefly inhabited by fishermen. The houses upon it are small and poor, but it looks extremely pretty from the water, with rows of boats drawn up on the beach.

The Isola Bella was a place of which I had heard from childhood. The very name was sufficient to make me think of green banks and glades, flowers and shrubs, brighter than any which could be seen in the cold climate of England. But my first view of the Isola Bella showed me a large square white building, seeming to cover the whole of the island. It was handsome, certainly, and there was a splendid flight of white stone steps leading down to the water's edge ; but there was nothing which might not have been seen elsewhere. This building is a palace ; it belongs to the Count Borromeo, whose family have had it in their possession for very many years. The gardens are, however, more celebrated than the house, and to the gardens we proposed to go. But the man who showed the place seemed determined to take us his own way, and instead of opening a door into the gardens, he led us into the palace. It was a large cool place ; that I think was its chief charm. There was not very much furniture in it, for abroad persons do not furnish their houses with so many sofas, and tables, and chairs as are to be seen in a gentleman's house in England. All that there was was very handsome, and a great deal was made of marble and gold ; but we walked hastily through one room after another, wishing to see all that our guide was determined to show us, and then to be permitted to enter the garden. The last place we were taken to was a set of underground rooms, called the grottos, the walls of which were covered with shells and stones. I cannot say I saw much use in them, or any particular beauty ; the only advantage being that they were close to the lake and very cool, and so might be pleasant on an intensely hot day. Having at last gone the round of the house,

we were allowed to proceed to the gardens. And here, perhaps, it will be as well to say at once, that, though I have been disappointed in many things in the course of my life, I was never more disappointed than in the gardens of the Isola Bella. An English person can scarcely imagine beauty in a garden without smooth green lawns, and flower-beds exquisitely neat, and winding walks amongst tall shrubs; but the Isola Bella has nothing like this. The garden consists of rows of raised walks or terraces one above another, with flights of steps leading up to them, and bordered by shrubs which are certainly rare and valuable. At the terminations of these terraces, large stone figures, blackened by long exposure to the air and the weather, stand up against the blue sky, with their arms stretched out as if they were threatening it; and in the middle of the garden is a kind of mock building made of pebbles and sand, with figures stuck upon it, like the little ornaments I have sometimes seen in England, formed of curiosities picked up on the sea-shore. The real and, I think, the only charm of the Isola Bella, except the lovely views which it commands, is to be found in the choice plants cultivated in the garden. It is said they were collected many years ago by a Count Borromeo, who married a lady born in a warmer climate than that of the North of Italy. In his love for his wife, he longed to give her everything in which she could have delighted in the gardens of her own land; with this view he gathered together all the plants which she had been accustomed to see, and placed them in the Isola Bella; and now the tea-tree, and the coffee-plant, the camphor-tree, the oleander with its pink flower and rich scent, the aloe, and the cactus, and the orange-tree, are all to be seen

flourishing upon the little island in the Lago Maggiore. But they are carefully guarded. The terraces are boarded over during the winter, and heated by stoves like a greenhouse. It must have been an immense labour to form the garden, for the island was originally nothing but slate rock ; and every handful of the mould in which the plants grow was originally brought from a distance, and even now fresh earth is required from time to time.

I feel as if I had spoken rather hardly of the Isola Bella, because I was disappointed with it ; and if the same opinion had not been expressed by others, I might have fancied that my own feelings prevented me from properly enjoying it ; for I must own that by the time we had gone through the palace, and over the garden, I was thoroughly uncomfortable ; my head ached most painfully ; and when I heard that it would be too late for us to drink tea at the hotel on the island, and that we must go back to Fariolo as soon as we could, I was obliged to confess that I was not very well, and humbly to ask if there was a possibility of procuring something to eat. One of the party produced a dry crust of bread which had been carried off at breakfast or dinner in case of its being needed in the course of the day. But my acknowledgment of being rather starved made every one else remember that they were the same. There was a general request that we might have something directly ; and as it was too late to wait for tea or coffee, the boatmen were dispatched to the hotel with orders for milk and bread. After a considerable delay these were brought to us, and on the steps of Count Borromeo's grand palace we took our very simple meal, which I certainly valued far more than many a good dinner.

The row across the lake afterwards, in the moonlight, was most exquisite. The shores are exceedingly lovely; and though I have complained of the Isola Bella itself, I must confess that it is quite worth while to go and see it for the sake of the beautiful scenery.

We landed in the court-yard of the hotel, which came down to the water's edge; and our boat no sooner touched the shore, than men rushed out with torches to light us. The whole place was in a bustle—as much work going on as in the day-time. A girl was washing her clothes at the edge of the lake; and beneath a shed of trellis-work, covered with vines, a large party of women and girls, full of glee, were engaged in carding hemp and burning straw. As the blazing light fell upon their merry handsome faces, I thought I had never seen a prettier picture. I went in doors with a strange mixture of remembrances—moonlight, and the lake, and marble palaces, and orange-trees, and pretty faces—and felt very happy to be in Italy.

CHAP. II.

OUR first few days in Italy must certainly always be remembered for the charm of the weather. I do not think it would be possible to imagine any thing more delightful than the warmth, and yet freshness, of the air. It was a peculiar satisfaction to us the morning after we slept at Fariolo, for we had planned an excursion for the day to a small lake, the Lago d'Orta, not very far distant from the Lago Maggiore, but separated

from it by a mountain called the Monterone, which we intended to cross. By setting off early, we hoped to arrive at the town of Orta in time for dinner, rest there for an hour or two, and then return again to the Lago Maggiore, and sleep at Arona, a town on the south-west bank of the lake. Lady H— was afraid of the fatigue of a journey over the mountain; so it was arranged that she should take a carriage and go by the road, and meet us in the middle of the day at Orta.

We were to set off at seven o'clock—breakfast was over—we were all waiting—expecting not mules, but donkeys—a proof at once that we were not in Switzerland. Special orders had been given about them the night before, but they were delayed a long time; and when, at last, they did appear, they were wonderfully shabby-looking;—there were no bridles, but a piece of cord was fastened on one side of the animal's head, which we pulled about as we could, when we wished to guide it. And in this way we set out at a very slow pace; but it was in Italy, not Switzerland; and the habits of Italy were fast creeping over us. To move slowly, and bask in the sun, and take the world easily, seems sufficient for the happiness of the people; and I do not think we wanted much more: at least I know that, for myself, I thought the slow ascent of the hill, which began almost immediately, under a trellis-work, covered with vines, complete luxury. We were soon upon the mountain side, and here the difference between Italy and Switzerland was still more remarkable. There were no rugged rocks and precipices, and snow peaks; but the hills around us were round and smooth;—and fern and heath were scattered over them, as we see upon an

open down in England; whilst the colour of the chestnut trees gave a look of peculiar brightness to the whole scene. Below was the blue lake, with glittering white towns and villages clustered on its banks, and mountains rising behind. It was impossible to feel tired with so much beauty to interest one, and the freshness of the mountain air to give one strength; and we all walked occasionally, for our donkeys were not the strongest of animals, and the path was sometimes very rough and steep. One man and two boys accompanied us. I tried to talk a little to one of the boys, wishing to practise myself in speaking Italian, of which I knew very little; but his language was most remarkable—not in the least like the Italian to which I had been accustomed. In fact, the language of Piedmont is not really Italian; it is more, I imagine, what Scotch is compared to English; and even persons who understand Italian well are often completely puzzled with it. The other boy, however, was a more agreeable companion: his words were much more within one's comprehension; and I suspect he was a little proud of being called upon, as he was now and then, to talk and explain things. He was a quick clever boy, but not a little inclined to be conceited.

We had brought some rolls and hard eggs with us, thinking that it would be well not to run the risk of being starved again, in case it should take us longer than we imagined to reach Orta; and the guide told us that he knew a farm-house upon the mountain, where, if we chose it, we might procure some milk. So we made our way towards it; but when we arrived, after having had the trouble of dismounting, we found that no one was at home, and we were obliged to ascend still higher to another farm. These moun-

tain farms, I must tell you, are well-built substantial stone cottages—not in the least like the little Swiss châlets, which can only be inhabited in winter. They stand upon the green turf, with a tree, and a spring of water, perhaps, beside them; and though there is no beauty in them, in themselves, yet they look very well as part of a beautiful view. At the second farm we found a very old woman and a young one. The former was the owner of the dairy, which was at a short distance from the farm. She watched very carefully over her treasure, for she would not give any one the keys of the dairy, but hobbled along, assisted by the young woman, to unlock the door herself. We went with her; and, seating ourselves under the shade of a tree, on a sloping bank, commanding an exquisite view of the lake, waited till the milk should be brought to us.

In a few moments the girl came back with a large wooden bowl of milk, and one of cream, which was rather puzzling to us at first, for the people gave it a name which we did not understand; and we drank it, fancying it a mixture of something peculiar to the country, and did not discover till afterwards that it was nothing but rich cream.

We continued our ride, feeling very much refreshed; and not long afterwards reached a little church built for the accommodation of the peasants living amongst the hills. The clergyman who undertakes the duty lives upon the Isola Bella, and has the charge of the inhabitants of the islands also. We had a consultation now as to whether it would be wise to go quite to the top of the mountain, which is about fourteen hundred feet lower than the Rhige. The guides said that it would take us a considerable time, and that we

could not go upon mules; and he assured us that the view from the spot where we then were was quite as good. This last piece of information I did not thoroughly believe, since we could see the country only on one side; but as we were afraid of being late at Orta, we gave up the idea of reaching the summit, and contented ourselves with dismounting, to enjoy the view from the church.

And most lovely it was! The Lago Maggiore, bright and calm, lay beneath us, bounded by soft grey hills, and its shores dotted with white towns and villages. Beyond, very far away to the north-west, was the line of the Alps, dividing Switzerland from Italy; whilst, to the south and east, could be seen a wide tract of rich country, brightened by three little blue lakes, and reaching as far as the great city of Milan, the capital of Lombardy, — a province of Italy, belonging to the Emperor of Austria.

We spread out a map, and tried, by its help, to understand the country thoroughly, a proceeding in which our clever little boy guide took great interest; and I was amused to see how soon he comprehended what we were doing, and could point out on the map the situation of the places which he knew.

The descent of the Monterone was a very easy matter, for we had a regular path, and not a remarkably steep one. The greatest interest of the mountain was over then, for we might have found just such a road over the downs in England; and as we went on and on, apparently not at all nearer our journey's end, we began to grow a little impatient, and to wish that we could see the town of Orta. The lake we had already caught sight of, just on the opposite side of the Monterone and the Lago Maggiore. It is small, but exquisitely lovely, shut in by hills, steep and very

woody; and brilliant with the rich colours of the foliage and the deep blue of the waters. But it took us a long time to reach it; and I began to think, at last, that we had mistaken our way, for, after passing some little villages, and along some paved paths under a vine-covered trellis-work, we came into a regular high-road, which I felt nearly sure led away from the town of Orta, instead of towards it. And so it did in reality; and though at length we took a sharp turn, which brought us close to the lake, and in sight of the town, we had undoubtedly gone by a most winding wearisome road.

Even when we were quite near to the town, however, we were in a measure deceived as to the distance; for there is a hill, called the Monte Sacro, or Sacred Hill, close to it, jutting out into the lake, and covered with buildings, which at first we thought must be Orta itself. This Monte Sacro is one of the many hills which are met with near Italian towns, devoted to sacred purposes, having a church at the top, and little chapels or stations by the side of the pathway leading up to it.

We met Lady H — walking towards us as we entered the town. She had arrived some time before, and had been expecting us; but the society of some English persons, whose acquaintance she had accidentally made, had served to amuse the time of our absence. Orta is a peculiar place, very pretty, and I suspect not a little dirty, though we were not there long enough to have much experience of its comfort or discomfort. We followed in procession through a long street, built close along the shores of the lake, so narrow that it seemed as if persons could shake hands with each other from the opposite houses, and with galleries going across

in: and then came out upon an open space, in which stood the hotel, facing the water, and immediately in view of a little rocky island, covered with buildings and containing a village for Roman Catholic priests. This island had been a great subject of discourse with our guides as we were descending the Madersee, and the boy who spoke well had taken great pains to give us a full and particular account of the story belonging to it—his eyes sparkling with delight as he repeated, in his clearest, holiest tones, the wonderful history of Saint Julian, from whom the island derives its name. I am afraid I cannot undertake to tell the story to you, for some parts of it I did not quite understand, and others I have forgotten: but I know that Saint Julian was a very good man, and is believed to have killed an enormous serpent which infested the country, and that the back bone of a creature said to be this same serpent is kept in the Church of St. Julian, in the island opposite to Orta. Our little guide fully credited the story: so it was not worth while to tell him, what I believe is really the case, that the bone must have belonged to a whale and not a serpent. It was quite plain that he did not think there was any thing else in Orta half as well worth seeing.

For myself, I think the hotel amused me as much as any thing: it was so gay, and bustling, and odd, and, I must own also, so dirty. It had a court-yard like other Italian inns, with rooms and open galleries all round it; but the rooms on the ground floor appeared to have neither windows nor doors, and one could look under the arches which surrounded the court, and see all the business of the place going on,—that of the kitchen included; all the frying, and stewing, and roasting; and persons rushing about busy, and chattering, and with it all such a smell of dinner! As for persons occupying

themselves quietly alone, or carrying on their business privately, or in fact doing any thing so as not to be seen, it scarcely ever seems to enter the mind of an Italian.

Dinner was ordered almost immediately upon our arrival. We had it in a kind of public dining room at the top of the stairs, surrounded by a set of bedrooms. The English friends whom Lady H—— had met, dined in the same room, but not at the same table. This marks the difference between German or Swiss, and Italian habits. In the former case it is usual for all persons to dine together, whether strangers or friends. Our new acquaintances had travelled a good deal, and gave us much valuable information as to the road we were intending to take into the Tyrol. By their advice we went after dinner to a hill above the town, dedicated to the memory of a Roman Catholic saint, St. Francis d'Assisi. It is a very favourite spot with the inhabitants of Orta. The view from it is most lovely, and the ground is laid out in broad walks bordered by trees. But the chief objects of attraction are the little chapels, twenty-two in number, in which are represented the different events in the life of St. Francis.

The chapels were small buildings, with open gratings before them. I suppose not more than four or five persons could kneel in them at the same time. They contained figures as large as life, some standing, some kneeling, according to the different circumstances described.

I was told that it is the custom with the people of Orta to pray to the saint at these different chapels, a practice which one can never think of without deep regret.

Orta is not a large place, but it is very much fre-

quented ; there are many large and good houses in it. I think of all the places I have seen abroad it is that which I should be the most inclined to fix upon, if I were to choose a residence for a month or six weeks in the beginning of summer. Our friends had been there a week, and were intending to remain, for there are many most charming excursions to be made in the neighbourhood.

A close, dismal old carriage was in readiness when we returned to the hotel to take us to Arona, on the banks of the Lago Maggiore. It was the only one to be had, so there was no choice, but it quite prevented us from enjoying any thing of the view as we drove along the shore of the lake of Orta. After that there was very little to be seen. We had a good, straight, broad road, such as we might have had in England, and a flat uninteresting country. It must have been six o'clock before we set off, and a bright moon was shining upon us before we reached Arona. It was of some service to us as we drove into the town, enabling us to see two very curious old towers, built at the end of some walls which project into the lake to protect the town, and form what is called a fortified harbour. The waters of the lake flow between these walls and the shore, and any vessels in the inside are safe. The principal street of Arona, like that of Orta, is so narrow that only one carriage can pass at a time.

I have a bright remembrance of looking out of the window of the "salon" in the hotel at which we slept, upon the harbour, and the towers, and the lake beyond, and the far distant Alps ; but it is very like a dream. The uncertain light of the moon, and the strangeness of the place, were very confusing, like the indistinct ideas which filled my mind when, soon after tea was over, I laid my head upon my pillow and fell asleep. .

CHAP. III.

PERSONS visiting Arona generally make a point of walking to a hill about half an hour's distance from the town, in order to see the statue of St. Charles Borromeo, who was Archbishop of Milan about three hundred years ago. We had not time to do this, and I was sorry for it. The statue in itself is curious, and the character of the archbishop is so wonderfully good, that every thing connected with him has a charm. He was born at Arona in the year 1538. His father was a nobleman, and he inherited great wealth; but from his childhood he cared nothing for the splendours and pleasures of the world, and thought only of the poor. When twelve years old one of his relations offered him a considerable property, which he accepted; but it was entirely bestowed in charity; and this disposition continued unchanged through life. His uncle was Pope, or chief bishop of the Romish Church, and St. Charles was made a cardinal, and an archbishop, both very high dignities. But nothing made the least alteration in him. Though he had a splendid house, and a number of servants, because it was the will of the Pope that he should assume the outward appearance of greatness, his own habits of life were the most simple possible. He never indulged himself in the smallest luxury, and gave up all his thoughts to the improvement of his clergy, the restoration and rebuilding of churches, the care of the poor, and the encouragement of learned men. This example of self-denial he was very anxious

to impress upon others. It is said that being once on a visit to another archbishop, who entertained him in a very magnificent and extravagant manner, he rose hastily from his seat, when dinner was nearly over, and, although it was raining hard, insisted upon departing, saying, "My Lord, if I should tarry here to-night, you would give me another treat such as that I have just seen, and the poor would then suffer another loss; for great numbers might have been fed with the unnecessary luxuries which have been now set before us." But St. Charles Borromeo is chiefly remembered for his unwearied exertions during the time of the great plague at Milan, in the year 1576. The plague is a disease little known in Europe now; but in former times, before proper attention was paid to cleanliness in the great towns, it was very common. In Milan it then raged fearfully. The sufferings endured from fever and thirst were beyond imagination terrible, and the dearest friends and relations were afraid to approach each other, lest they might also take the infection. But the Archbishop of Milan had no fear, because he had no thought for himself. Morning, noon, and night, he attended upon the sick and the dying, ministering to their bodily comfort, and, what was still more precious to them, giving them the consolations of religion. Wherever the plague raged he was to be seen, not only in Milan, but in the neighbouring parishes. Nothing escaped his attention. The merest trifles which might add to the comfort of the sufferers were cared for by him, and all this time he was busied in encouraging the clergy to do their duty in a similar way, and punishing those who in any way neglected it; whilst his daily devotions were as strictly attended to as at other times.

His excessive labours in the end shortened his life. He escaped the plague, and indeed lived eight years afterwards, but while engaged in some important business for the Duke of Savoy he was seized with a fever, and died at Milan, on the 3d of November, 1584. He has since been honoured as a saint by the Romish Church; and certainly, as far as one can judge, he has a most true claim to the title; though, of course, none to the worship which is paid him. A volume, indeed, might be filled with the account of his excessive charity and humility. One of the most striking things in his history is the early age at which his religious life began. He was not, like many others, a thoughtless child, and a careless young man, brought afterwards by suffering to devote himself to God; but his was a life holy from childhood; most happy therefore in the peace of his own conscience, and blessed a thousandfold by God.

The statue to his memory represents him extending his hand towards the lake, and over the town of Arona, in the act of giving his blessing. It is cast in bronze and copper, and, being hollowed, it is possible to enter it, and ascend to the head. But the undertaking is very difficult, and not at all fitted for ladies, as it is necessary to climb ladders, and scramble about in the dark, catching hold of pieces of iron to support oneself. The head will contain three persons, and people who are very adventurous like to say that they have climbed up to it, and sat in the nose of St. Charles, or San Carlo, as the Italians call him.

The weather was dull when we left Arona the following morning, which was rather a disappointment, as we had looked forward to a beautiful view of the Monte Rosa, having heard that it looked particularly

grand from the lower part of Lake Maggiore. I had also hoped that part of our day's expedition would be upon the water, but this plan was given up,—I forget exactly why,—and it was settled that we were to drive round the lake instead of crossing over. We had a rather long journey before us, but we hoped in the evening to reach the town of Como on the lake of Como.

Before I proceed further, I must tell you that the country on the east side of Lake Maggiore forms part of the Italian province of Lombardy, and is subject to the dominion of the Emperor of Austria. The west shores belong to the King of Sardinia.

This province of Lombardy has lately been the scene of much misery and bloodshed. The inhabitants rebelled against the late Emperor of Austria, and were assisted by the King of Sardinia, and a war between the two countries was the consequence. The people of Lombardy, however, did not succeed in making themselves independent of Austria. They are subject to that country now, but I have been told that they are still extremely discontented. Whether they have any real cause for complaint, it is impossible for a person to say who is not well acquainted with the mode of government, but it must be difficult for one monarch to satisfy two people so unlike as Germans and Italians.

A strict examination is made of the luggage of all persons passing from the dominions of the King of Sardinia into those of the Emperor of Austria.

This we found upon reaching Sesto Calende, a town in Lombardy, about five miles from Arona. The drive to it was rather dull; for the road, instead of passing close to the lake, took us far away from

it, that we could see very little of the views. Sesto Calende stands on the left bank of the river Ticino, which issues out of Lake Maggiore at this spot. A ferry boat was waiting to take us across the river, and as soon as we landed all our luggage was carried away to be examined by the Austrian officers at the Custom House. We were kept in the town a considerable time; some of us sat in the carriages, others wandered about buying figs and grapes, or trying to sketch. Sesto Calende was not a very interesting place compared with others, but there is always something to be seen in a foreign town new and strange, and unlike England. When at last our luggage was brought back we were told that a strict search had been made to find out if we had Bibles with us. The religion of Austria is Roman Catholic, and it is not thought desirable in Roman Catholic countries for every one to read the Bible by himself, as we do in England. Of course we had English Bibles; those, I imagine, they could not object to, as no one would be likely to understand them but ourselves; but if we had had German or Italian Bibles they would no doubt have been taken from us. Foreigners must certainly be much puzzled by many things which English persons carry with them. One of my friends had a large drawing-box, with papers and drawings in it, and this I heard was examined with particular attention, as if there had been something wrong in it.

We were not sorry to escape from Sesto Calende, and to find ourselves on the road to Varrese, where we were to dine. It is very near a lake, one of the three which I told you we saw from the top of the Monterone. These Italian roads are very much alike; they are broad and straight, and generally bordered

by acacia trees, which are very bright-looking, far better than the poplars of Germany; but there is nothing at all like the beauty of the winding roads of England. Generally speaking, also, Lombardy is very flat; the only hilly part we came to in the journey was close to Varrese, where there was a steep descent into the town, and some beautiful hills encircled the lake. I could not help being sorry for the dull sky. Every one must know how different a place looks when the sun shines, to what it does when the sky is cloudy; and an Italian sky is something so lovely, that one misses it all the more after being for a little while accustomed to it.

We entered Varrese, and drove, as usual, into the court-yard of an hotel, something like that at Orta, except that we were not allowed to see the work of the kitchen going on. Whilst dinner was getting ready we sallied forth into the town. Such an old gay bustling place it would be difficult to imagine without seeing it! The shops were within arcades, but many of the goods were placed on stalls on the outside. Articles of every description were there,—bright handkerchiefs, gowns, pins, brooches, rings, boots and shoes, pots and pans, cups and jugs;—the same kind of things which we use in England, only old and odd, as if the contents of some very ancient shop had been turned out and piled together in the streets. And amongst these stalls and shops walked a swarm of people, almost all handsome, and tidily dressed, but many with bare feet, whilst the women wore the most striking and really pretty ornament for the hair which we saw during the whole time of our being abroad. It was formed of a great number of very long silver pins, as many as eighteen or twenty,



prettily worked at the top, and stuck into the hair at the back of the head, so as to form a kind of half-coronet. The last pin at each side was much longer than the others, and finished off by a large silver knob. These ornaments were worn by the very poorest-looking people. We went into a shop and inquired the price of the pins, and really they were very expensive. I do not think a set could have cost less than five-and-twenty or thirty shillings. In England no one would think of wearing them except at an evening party. Yet the dress of the women generally did not give one an idea of their spending much money about it. They had no gay ribbons and silly finery; but the clothes, which must have suited their grandmothers, appeared equally to satisfy them, and the ornaments seemed worn, not to excite notice, but because it was as much the custom of the country as it is amongst us to wear shoes and stockings,—articles which, though they cost a good deal of money, are considered quite necessary.

Our party dispersed for another walk after dinner, some went one way and some another. My choice, and that of one of my friends, was rather a mistake; we went to some public gardens, which, like all other foreign gardens, were formal and untidy. If we had done wisely we should have tried to find our way to a hill, and so have gained a view of the lake, which must be lovely.

It was pleasant afterwards to meet and compare what we had all seen and done; those who had gone into the town amongst the shops, I suspect, found the chief amusement. The strange figures induced one of the party to sketch,—a proceeding which rather pleased the people than not; they seemed to take it

as a compliment, but it must have been difficult to manage with a crowd of men, women, and boys gathering round to peep at what was going on.

The afternoon's drive was not unlike that of the morning, — a straight road, rather dusty, — acacia hedges, fields of Indian corn: — I do not know that there was any thing else to be noticed till, about six o'clock, we drew near to Como. Then came a very steep descent into the town, which is surrounded by high hills; a fine old castle on one side of the road, a number of white houses, showing that we were approaching a large place, and a glimpse of the waters of the lake below us. We came to the bottom of the hill; there was a broad open space and trees on one side, and on the other some high strong walls, inclosing the town; and before we were allowed to enter our passports were to be shown. We were then admitted into a maze of narrow streets, some too narrow for a carriage to pass, and turning a corner came suddenly upon the lake, the quay bordered by houses, and the hotel at which we were to remain for the next day.

CHAP. IV.

"SHOWERY, thunderstorm," are the first words I find in the notes which I wrote on the Sunday we spent at Como. It was the return of the bad weather, and we were never quite free from it again all the time we were abroad. The hotel was comfortable, and rather English-like. The floor was carpeted, the walls were papered, and the ceiling painted. More of the town

than of the lake was to be seen from the windows, and it was amusing enough to look down upon the old houses and arches bordering the quay, the circle of boats with awnings over them drawn up on the shore, and the numbers of people moving about and enjoying their holiday, as it was Sunday. There was no English chapel. We stayed at home till the afternoon, when we went to the cathedral, which is the third in size and beauty in Italy. It was begun in 1396, but not finished till 1732, and from first to last was built entirely by the contributions of the people, who at the commencement of the work caused inscriptions to be carved on the walls, stating that they considered it a privilege to be permitted to devote their wealth and labour to the service of God. It is certainly a very beautiful building; the material is marble, and no expense has been spared upon it. It is a curious mixture of round arches and pointed, with a circular east end, and is not like any church or cathedral in England; but the whole effect is very good, and the painted windows give it a rich solemn colour. The ceiling has lately been painted in blue and gold. A service was going on when we first went in; the people were kneeling on the ground, or in chairs, so that the beauty of the building was not destroyed, as it is with us, by high pews. The women wore black lace veils, covering the head, and falling down over the shoulders; their manner was less devotional than I have noticed elsewhere, for they were constantly looking about. A chant which I well knew was being sung, and it carried my mind back to England, and gave me a pleasant feeling of home, though it made me long to be able to join in the service. The rain prevented us from seeing any thing else except a building close to

the cathedral, the Broletto, or Town Hall, built of red and white marble, and particularly admired by persons who are good judges of buildings.

In the old days the north of Italy was not under the dominion of any one monarch, but was divided into a number of small states or republics, the inhabitants of which governed themselves. Como belonged to one of these republics, and the chief magistrates, when they wished to address the people, used to stand at the windows of the Broletto and make their speeches. The building was finished in the year 1215, so that it is more than six hundred years old, but it would be useless to expect any thing as beautiful to be built in these days. The lower part is a kind of open arcade, underneath which we stood in the midst of a crowd of people, taking shelter from the rain for a considerable time, and then, seeing no prospect of better weather, rushed back to the hotel as fast as we could through the narrow streets, and did not go out again that evening.

We were to leave Como at 8 o'clock on the Monday morning, so it had been settled long before. A steam vessel was to carry us about half way up the lake, to Varenna, a town on the lake. There, our two carriages—having gone away earlier, as the distance was long by the road—were to meet us, and in the afternoon we were to proceed to the town of Morbegno.

There was, however, one slight difficulty in our way. On entering Como, our passports had been sent to be examined, and they had not been returned. Nothing seemed easier than to ask for them, and receive them at a moment's notice; but on Sunday night it struck us that it was just possible the passport

office might not be open at 8 o'clock, and it would be no use to send, and the idea made us a little uncomfortable. The very first thing thought of in the morning was to dispatch one of the gentlemen to the office. We were all ready, the steamer was in sight, but the passports had not arrived. A messenger belonging to the hotel thought he should be more successful, and away he went; the minutes went by, and another messenger was sent off. In the meantime the steamer was in the harbour, and crowds of people were going on board. It was a festival day,—a Roman Catholic festival,—the Nativity of the Virgin Mary; every one was intending to spend it in enjoyment. But we, unfortunate English, could only think of our passports. Our friend returned, but he had only been able to procure his own passport; the others were to be given in a few minutes. We looked at the steamer anxiously; the crowd was really tremendous. We were almost glad that there was a probability of our not being added to the number. Yet the inconvenience would be so great! What should we do? We turned away from the steamer, and watched the street by which our messengers were to arrive. The people of the hotel watched too; the whole place was, in fact, in a state of excitement. The next minute the steamer was off, and as it moved away there was a rush and a bustle in the inn, and eager Italian talking and pointing up the street, and our two messengers appeared, one after the other, the passports in their hands. But it was too late. Perhaps if we had been extremely anxious upon the matter we might have made an effort even then to overtake the steamer, but the crowd on the deck was more than we could venture to join. Something was even said about danger, and the vessel being over-

loaded. At any rate, there was quite a sufficient chance of discomfort to make us satisfied in remaining where we were, independent of the pleasure of seeing more of the town and its neighbourhood.

It was a particularly gay day ; the men were walking about with ribbons in their hats, the shops were shut, and festival services were going on at the different churches. Our first object was to visit the churches which we had missed before. One especially, called the church of San Fedele (or St. Faithful), a very old one, built about the time of our Saxon monarchs, when Lombardy was a kingdom by itself. The churches in those days were very peculiar and beautiful. The generality of churches in England, you may perhaps know, have tall columns and pointed arches in the aisles. But the arches in an old Lombard church are always round. The building is of brick ; but not plain, ugly brick, such as we use, but cut and ornamented. The church of San Fedele, however, has been so much altered in later times, that very little of the old work remains. Still it is always interesting to be in a place which has been standing for hundreds of years, and to think of the number of wonderful events that have happened since the masons and carpenters of those days first began to build it.

Our party separated in the course of the morning. Lady H—— wished to take a drive by the side of the lake, and two or three of us, myself included, determined to go with her ; so we turned back to the hotel, intending, on our way, to buy a quantity of fruit and some cakes which we might carry with us on our journey to Innsbruck. Soap also was an article much needed, for it is never provided at the hotels ; and Como being a famous place for soap, we

thought it well to lay in a stock. It was amusing enough, and very like England, to see a quantity of common yellow soap brought out, but it was not at all cheap.

In consequence of the festival, shopping was not as easy as it might have been at other times. Half the people in the place were at church, or gone on some excursion. We purchased grapes and cakes; but when we required a basket to put them in, we found that we were in a difficulty. None were to be seen in the windows; and we only procured one at last by the favour of a woman in a grocer's shop, who sent a message to a neighbour to say what we wanted. Then, indeed, a man appeared, who led us across the street, unlocked and unbarred a door, and gave us entrance into a basket warehouse, where we had a choice of baskets, very much the same as we might have had in England.

The crowds in the churches, on these festival days abroad, is very striking; but still more striking at Como was the sight of a number of persons, men and women, kneeling in the open air, before the entrance of a private house, in a square, where a dying person was about to receive the last sacrament of the Romish Church. It was impossible not to be touched with the sympathy thus publicly shown for a fellow creature at such an awful moment. All seemed to join as they best could in prayer; and not only was there a crowd before the house, but I even saw a woman on the opposite side of the square, kneeling behind a door engaged in the same service.

The drive by the side of the lake was more exquisitely lovely than I can attempt to describe. There are but few things in life, especially when one is



travelling, which answer one's expectations ; but I do really think the views round the lake of Como quite equalled all that I could have imagined. Any thing more perfectly lovely than the steep but smooth hills, with the handsome villas beneath them, the tall bell towers, and white churches, the acacias, chestnuts, grey olive trees, and luxuriant vines ; the sparkling blue lake, and the depth of the unclouded sky, it seems as if it would be impossible to find on earth. And every thing around adds to the sense of richness and plenty. The quantity of fruit that people were selling in the streets, and as we drove out of the town, was something of which one could have no idea in England, except, perhaps, when passing through a great London market. Figs were especially plentiful, and so cheap, that a handful could be procured for a mere trifle. Wishing to lay in a store for our journey, we stopped the carriage, and went up to a stall, where some particularly fine ones were to be sold. The bargain was made, and in payment, Lady H—— offered, with other money, a small bright new copper coin, which she had received, I think, in Switzerland. It was a coin which was good for Italy also, but being new, it had something the appearance of gold. The fruit woman took it, looked at it, and returned it. " We had made a mistake," she said ; " it was gold." We assured her it was not, and she looked at it again, but she was not satisfied ; and, still looking at it doubtfully, began to count the change. When she came to the copper coin, she hesitated, saying, " This may be reckoned for a batz,"—or a kreutzer,—I forget which ; but she could not allow herself really to call it by its name. We laughed ; and the poor woman, very much puzzled, summoned a neighbour to examine

the disputed coin. He agreed with us it was copper; but even then she could not believe it. And as we turned away, I thought I heard her declare, that she was so rich now, she would go into the town and spend her treasure. I really felt sorry for her; for if she offered it to any one else, she would soon have been convinced how little it was worth.

We drove by the lake to a large villa or country house, the Villa d'Este, once inhabited by Caroline, the wife of King George the Fourth. Acacia hedges bordered the road nearly the whole way. The villa is what in England would be called a show place, always open to strangers; and there was a porter's lodge, and a gardener to go about with visitors; and a party were walking over the grounds just when we drove up. This happened rather unfortunately for us, for we waited and waited, and no gardener came; and at last we were tired of looking at the back of a stone house, and peeping through an iron railing at a fountain, and a stone figure, in a little pond, and thought we would be bold and go through the gardens by ourselves. But we had then too short a time to spare to see much. After all, the views of the lake would have been the chief delight to us; for in describing one foreign garden, one has very nearly described all. The feeling uppermost in one's mind in looking at them is the longing for a clever, active English gardener, who shall trim the flower beds, and make the walks tidy, and mow the turf, that is to say, if turf can ever be made to grow in such a dry climate, which, I believe, is very doubtful.

It was nearly one o'clock before we got back to the hotel; and at one the next steamer was to start, so we had only time to collect our luggage, and go on

board, and, in a very short time, we fairly said good b'ye to Como.

The voyage was quite as delightful as the drive. All was lovely, rich, and luxuriant. The only regret being that in looking at the beautiful scenery on one side of the vessel, one missed something equally beautiful on the other side. I think the olive trees were the only things which struck me as new. They are very quiet and sober looking trees, and do not grow to any great height; the leaves are small, and of a dull greyish green. When mixed with other trees, they look extremely well, but they are rather gloomy by themselves. There was a good deal of gaiety at the little towns and villages at which we stopped, in consequence of the festival. The houses were decorated, and the people in their best and gayest dresses. The favourite colour for awnings and blinds to the houses was a brownish yellow, which, though not very pretty in itself, served to brighten the streets a good deal. There are a great number of gentlemen's houses on the shores of the Lake of Como. It is a very favourite place with persons who wish to have change of air from the great towns. And so it has been, apparently, for hundreds of years: for as far back as about one hundred years after the birth of our Blessed Saviour, a celebrated Roman, named Pliny, had a villa on the Lake of Como. The spot on which his house stood, was pointed out to us; the house itself has, of course, long being destroyed, but some columns have been found near, in the lake, which probably formed part of it.

The handsomest place we saw was the Villa Sommariva, a very large stone house, with stone balconies, wide flights of steps, and gardens leading down to the



water's edge. Here, when the French were invading Italy, about sixty years ago, Napoleon Buonaparte, who was afterwards Emperor, lived for some time with his wife Josephine. It struck me as far too charming a place for one who had brought so much misery upon the country.

The Lake of Como is divided into two parts, as you will see at once by looking at the map. That part of it which branches off to the south-east, is called the Lake of Lecco. Varenna, the town at which we were to stop, is built near the spot where the two divisions of the lake meet. We were not quite sure whether we should sleep at Varenna or not. If we had time, we knew it would be desirable to go on further; but this could only be settled by consulting our *voituriers*, who were to meet us there with the carriages. The wind had risen after we left Como, and it was what sailors call fresh. As we came opposite to Varenna, a large, cumbersome, unpainted boat drew alongside of the vessel; and, after some difficulty, we managed to seat ourselves in it, with two or three Italians. Two men, I think, were to row us. The steamer moved off, and we turned towards the shore; but it was a great mistake to think that we were to arrive soon, or to suppose, as one is apt to do, that because a lake is not the sea, therefore it is never rough. I could not wish for a more unpleasant little voyage than we had from the steamer to Varenna. It took us a whole hour; and there was a chilly, blustering wind, and the water was rough, and several of the party were not at all good sailors; so that, altogether, it was a trial.

Heartily glad we were at last to find ourselves on the shore, and in the town; for the streets are close to the water's edge. Varenna is a small place built

on a steep bank—so steep, indeed, that some of the little streets leading from it are formed of steps, whilst others are nothing but narrow passages between walls. Daval, our head voiturier, met us at landing. He was relieved at our arrival, as he had been expecting us by the early steamer. We found, on consulting him, that we must give up the idea of going further that evening. The only place we could reach was Colico, a town at the upper end of the lake, at which we had been especially warned not to stop, as it is considered extremely unhealthy from the marshes which surround it. So dinner was ordered, and we settled to take a walk afterwards to an old castle which we had seen standing on a hill above the town, and soon made ourselves at home in our new quarters. The hotel was comfortable, and very prettily situated close to the lake.

I remember the dinner particularly, it was so very like an English dinner—a roast leg of mutton and rice, and chicken. The after-dinner walk was a very amusing scramble, though we never reached the castle, and were rather silly to attempt it. After all our experience of hills and distances, we might have known that it was much easier to plan such a walk than to take it, the distance being almost always two or three times as great as it appears. We asked a woman, whom we met, just as we were leaving the town, how we were to find our way to the castle; and her direction was, to go on till we came to a chapel and a very bad path. There could not have been a better description. A very bad path indeed it was! I doubt if I ever was on a worse. Brambles, and bushes, and stones, stopped us at every turn; and when we might have been about three parts up the

hill, it was growing so dusk that we took the prudent resolution of turning back ; and down we came, one after the other, managing as we best could each for himself ; and two of the most spirited of the party, who particularly prided themselves upon never making false steps, having had little private falls which they were forced afterwards to acknowledge. The walk was pleasant enough, but the views were the charm. You will be tired if I am always talking of blue lakes, and chestnut trees, and mountains ; but if you had once seen the Lake of Como, I think you would make allowance for me, — and understand besides the delight of opening the window of my room when I went to bed, and looking out upon the water glistening in the moonlight, and hearing the soothing sound of its gentle ripple.

CHAP. V.

It was a long journey from the Lake of Como to Innsbruck, and it is better, perhaps, not to give in detail the history of every day. There may be great variety for the persons travelling, but the descriptions are likely to be much the same, especially when, as is frequently the case abroad, you enter long valleys, shut in by mountains, which it may require two or three days to pass through. The road which we took to Innsbruck affords a great deal of scenery of this kind. It goes through what is called the Valte-line, a portion of Austrian Lombardy ; bounded by Switzerland on the north-west, and Italy on the south-east.

At the end of the Valteline there is a great barrier of mountains separating Italy from the Tyrol, and over these the high road into the Tyrol is carried by a pass called the Stelvio. On the further side of the Stelvio, at the distance of about twenty miles, begins another long valley between mountains, which leads to Innsbruck, the capital of the Tyrol. This latter valley is termed the Innthal, or the valley of the Inn, because the river Inn flows through it. You may imagine by this that our road was very direct, not winding in and out with other roads meeting it, as there might be in England, but so plainly marked that it seemed next to impossible to mistake it. Our mode of travelling was much the same as it had been ever since we set off in the carriages from Martigny. We breakfasted about half-past six or seven, and set off directly afterwards; stopped in the middle of the day at some town where we might rest the horses for about two hours, have our dinner, and take a walk; and then went on again till half-past six or seven in the evening. We generally had another little walk at that time; but the days were not very long, and knowing that we must rise very early in the morning, we soon had our tea and went to bed. Few persons could have travelled more pleasantly than we did during this part of our journey. Having two carriages we changed our positions in them whenever we chose, and sometimes were with one friend, sometimes with another. We had a number of books if we felt inclined to read; maps to help us to understand the country: figs, grapes, and pears, to refresh us if we were hungry or thirsty; and above all excellent spirits and a full determination to enjoy ourselves.

Yet with all this, I think, if I were to go abroad

again, I would rather go from the Tyrol into Italy, than from Italy into the Tyrol. When we left Varenna, and drove by the side of the lovely Lake of Como towards the north, we all felt that we were leaving warmth and brightness for cold grandeur. The blue skies and the chestnut woods of Italy had a little spoiled us, and the first sight of a snow mountain as we advanced towards the Tyrol, instead of giving us pleasure as at first, made us rather shudder at the thought of the bleak winds we might encounter amongst them. The upper end of the Lake of Como is much grander than the lower, on account of the height of the mountains ; but it had not to me the same charm, for it was less thoroughly Italian : perhaps if I had seen it from the water I might have felt differently, but as we drove along the shore of the lake a great deal of the beauty on one side was lost. It certainly made me think of Switzerland more than Italy. The road is so shut in between the hills and the water that in some places it has been necessary to bore the rock and make an archway or gallery for it. Colico was the last town on the lake which we passed, but we made a point of not stopping there at all. It is surrounded by marshes formed by the river Adda, which rises amongst the mountains between the Tyrol and Lombardy, flows through the Valteline, and enters the Lake of Como close by Colico. It leaves the lake afterwards at Lecco, and joins the river Po near Cremona.

After reaching Colico we turned away to the right, or as I ought to say the north-east, and entered the Valteline. Our resting places, before we came to the mountain pass of the Stelvio, were Morbegno, Sondrio, Tirano, and Bormio. They are small towns, not in

any way remarkable ; Sondrio is the largest place, for it is the capital of the district. The hotel there was large and comfortable, and I remember being particularly struck by the merry voices of some young girls who were at work in a manufactory opposite to the hotel. The windows were open, and they were all singing together in parts, taking firsts and seconds. It must have been between five and six o'clock in the evening when we arrived at Sondrio, and they were then singing with all their hearts ; and between six and seven the next morning they had begun again. We had a pleasant scrambling walk also at Sondrio, up a hill of course, for it is always one's object in a new place to get upon a height and see all that one can.

A large building had attracted our attention as we drove into the town ; we thought it was a convent, but it proved to be only a prison. However we made our way to it, and had some splendid views over the snow mountains, red and sparkling in the sunset. What pleased me, however, quite as much as the sunset, was the civility of some of the peasants whom we met. I and one of my companions had wandered away from the rest, wishing to reach the top of the hill for the sake of the view ; finding ourselves in a little, narrow, stony, shut-in path, we ventured to trespass into a vineyard through a gap in a kind of hedge. We were standing in the vineyard, looking at the sunset, when a labourer came up the path ; and, seeing we were strangers and ladies, he stopped, wished us good evening, and, without being asked, began to cut away the brambles in the gap, so that we might get back again easily, and then gave us directions as to the road we should take to return to the town. We passed some

cottages afterwards, and the people told us something more of the road, and, when we had gone on a few steps, sent a child after us to accompany us, lest we should mistake the way.

I cannot say what a pleasant, cordial feeling this unasked for civility from the poor people gives one. This instance I particularly remember, but it is only a specimen of the behaviour we observed constantly. If we passed a peasant in the road, he would take his hat off and wish us good morning or good evening, and one felt directly as if one had met a friend.

All the business of this part of the country, amongst the villages, must, I imagine, be carried on by mules. The hills are very near the towns, and there do not seem to be any roads for carts, for as we were coming down the hill into Sondrio, we met several laden mules going up.

The Valteline is a species of half-way country between the Tyrol and Italy. The language is not thoroughly Italian, and the people are more German than Italian looking, and are not by any means as handsome and graceful as at Como and the Lago Maggiore. Their dress also has a stout German air. The shoes are often wooden slippers; and the women wear red woollen stockings without feet, a most strange practice, which, however, is common in the Tyrol. Their gowns are made with broad coloured borders worked into the stuff. The gown may be purple, for instance, and the border red. The men's hats have peaked crowns, which is another thing peculiar to the dress of the Tyrolese. All these changes and the increasing cold, made us feel more and more that we were drawing near to a new country.

Tirano, the town at which we dined the day we left

Sondrio, is a very small, dirty, and not an interesting place. It is built close by the Adda, which, with the distant line of mountains, forms the only thing deserving notice in the scenery. I should scarcely have thought it worth while to mention the place except for a conversation which I held with a man in an old book shop, and which, as it gave me a little information about Austrian village schools, rather interested me. The Valteline, you must remember, is in the dominions of the Emperor of Austria, though the people, and their language, and their manners and customs, are in a great measure Italian.

This bookshop attracted my notice, as we were wandering about in the town, if I remember rightly, because there were some Italian school-books in the window, and I thought I should like to look them over, and see whether they were at all like our own; so I made an excuse for going in, to inquire for something else, and then began a little conversation with the master. He was an elderly man, with very bad eyesight, and seemed rather dull, till something was said about schools, and then he brightened up extremely. He himself was the master of the school at Tirano; and he had fifty scholars, who were employed for two hours in the morning, and two in the afternoon; and were taught reading, writing, grammar, and arithmetic. No payment was required. A nice-looking little girl was standing in the shop, and he pointed her out with some pride as one of his scholars. The priest of the parish, he said, came twice a week to give them religious instruction. He showed me some of their writing copies, which were amusingly like the little long blue writing copies from which I was taught myself when I was a child; only the words were Italian,

and the letters were more sloping. I asked him whether anything was done to reward the boys who were attentive and likely to get on well; and he replied, that if they were clever and good they might be removed from the national school to another, a higher school, called the Gymnasium, at Sondrio. Here they were obliged to pay about 1*l.* 10*s.* a month. Those who after this were found to be fitted for a superior profession or public office, or who desired to be clergymen, might go for further education to Como or Pavia.

It was a dull, cold afternoon, when we left Tirano, on our way to Bormio. We were drawing nearer and nearer to the snow mountains; the valley was growing narrower—the hills were more rocky—the trees were few, and the stone cottages were poor and ugly, and bore no resemblance to the Swiss cottages, except in the roofs, which projected at the top. The churches were very numerous, and the tall towers were particularly striking, and reminded us that we were still in Italy. This kind of country is very interesting on a bright summer's morning, when you have, as the saying is, the day before you, and when the snow-topped mountains give a feeling of agreeable refreshment. But to travel along slowly, with tired horses, on a chilly evening in the month of September, when both the driver and yourself are doubtful as to the distance you have to go, and what sort of accommodation you will find at the end of your journey, is not quite so satisfactory.

This was our case as we approached, or rather hoped we were approaching, Bormio. Our wish had been to reach a good hotel at a place called the Baths of Bormio, a little beyond the town; but we soon gave

up that idea. There were three horses to the large carriage, and they did very well. But the small one, in which I happened to be that afternoon, was thought to require only two; and up to this time we had managed easily enough. Now, however, there were evident signs that one horse at least had done quite as much work as was good for it; and our pace became alarmingly slow. The *voituriers* stopped at a little inn by the roadside, and a kind of gruel was brought out, with which all the horses were fed; and this had some effect for a time; but as we actually came in sight of Bormio, the small carriage was left so far behind, that I began to think seriously we must get out and walk. It was then cold and dark; the town was a wretched-looking place; and when at last we did manage to creep into it, no one knew where to find the hotel. The *voituriers*, it seemed, had never travelled by the road before, so they knew nothing of the resting-places. We made most awkward turnings in and out amongst the narrow streets, exciting such a commotion that we drew some of the inhabitants to the doors of their houses with tallow candles, which they held up to examine us as we passed; and at length found ourselves before the entrance of a dirty comfortless inn. We all felt very cold, and rather forlorn; but tea, and a fire in the salon, were instantly ordered; and then we were shown to our bedrooms. The wretchedness of their appearance it would be difficult to describe. I might have been in others equally unfurnished, but none ever gave me a more dreary sensation. The night was extremely cold; and the place stands so high, and so much in the neighbourhood of snow mountains, that even in summer I can imagine it scarcely warm. A carpet one did not expect; and,

indeed, the place looked so dirty, that it was better to be without; but the little furniture there was, gave an idea of discomfort, poverty, and untidiness, which, after a weary journey, was peculiarly trying. In all these cases, however, there is one consolation, one may hope to go to sleep and forget it; and so, after having had our supper, which I must confess was better than we had ventured to expect, we went to our rooms, piled shawls and cloaks upon our beds, and slept, upon the whole, very tolerably well.

When I said that our supper was better than we had expected, I must except the tea, which was uncommonly nasty. Tea and coffee are great difficulties in these out-of-the-way places. Persons sometimes think that you can get good coffee, at least, anywhere abroad, but this is a great mistake. I think we almost as often had bad coffee as bad tea. Now and then the people at the hotels would acknowledge, when we asked for tea, that it was not good; but in general they seemed to have no idea that there could be anything in the coffee to find fault with. We found, usually, that at these dirty, uncomfortable inns, we were called upon to pay a great deal more than we ought; and, if I remember rightly, Bormio was no exception to the rule. This custom of overcharging is a great inconvenience and annoyance in travelling. We found it just as much in Switzerland as in Italy. It was always necessary to look over a bill and correct it; and I recollect, at one place in Switzerland, ten or twelve shillings being taken away from a bill because it was not a fair charge, and the people of the hotel had not a word to say against it. Then the difference of coins makes great confusion. The coin which is common to almost all countries in Europe is a French coin, a



franc, worth about 10*d.* ; but there are a great many others peculiar to the various states ; and when a bill is made out, you never know whether the number at the bottom means so much in French money, or so much in German, or Italian. This causes a difficulty, and requires explanation, and takes up time. The ordinary Austrian coin is a *zwanziger*, which is in value about 8*d.* ; and if a bill is made out in *zwanzigers*, and you possess only French francs, there must be a reckoning of the difference. Sometimes a bill appears reasonable if it is in *zwanzigers*, but when you pay it, the people, perhaps, turn round, and say they mean French francs ; and then follows a dispute, which is anything but agreeable.

We had some misgivings about the horses when we left Bormio the next morning ; but Daval assured us we need not be at all uneasy. There had been some mistake, he said, the day before, which had prevented their being fed properly, and this was one cause of their being over-tired ; and, moreover, we were to have additional horses to carry us over the mountain, men going with them to bring them back ; so we set off at seven o'clock, only a little doubtful how we should reach our journey's end.

The weather was still very cold ; it was difficult, indeed, to suppose that it was ever anything else in such a region, for we were now as completely amongst the barren, rocky, snow-topped mountains, as we had been in Switzerland. The road over the pass of the Stelvio begins to ascend the mountain close to the Baths of Bormio, which are about two miles from the town. In a degree, it resembles the Simplon ; in fact, all these mountain roads must be somewhat alike — they are all cut in zigzags ; in parts carried under



archways hewn out of the rock ; and sheltered by great sheds, down which the avalanches roll, and are thus prevented from destroying the road. The great difference, I think, between the Simplon and the Stelvio road is, that in crossing the Simplon the road ascends more gradually, and the zigzag lines are long ; whereas on the Stelvio, you seem to be continually turning in and out, and can look up and see a great line of the road just above you, which it seems next to impossible you should ever reach. The mountains by the Stelvio are more barren than those by the Simplon : there are very few trees, and no views of distant country ; it is all bare, and rocky, and dreary. One could fancy enjoying a Swiss *châlet* on a fine day on the side of the Simplon ; but I cannot imagine anything but absolute necessity obliging one to take up one's abode on any part of the Stelvio. Indeed, there are no cottages, or pasture lands, or signs of habitation for man or beast, to be seen there, until the summit is reached.

The weather was bitterly cold, and we were obliged from time to time to get out of the carriages and walk, in order to warm ourselves. I was walking when we drew near the summit of the mountain, after an ascent of between three and four hours. The sun shone brightly, but glaringly, upon the unsullied snow-peaks around us ; while a most bitter wind at the same time pierced us through and through. There were but few signs of vegetation — none of any human dwelling-place ; till, as we wandered on, we came in sight of a large stone building, with a broad covered archway in front, under which carriages might drive for shelter. The sight of this building scarcely gave me any feeling of comfort. There was an indescribable air of dirt and neglect

about it, large and substantial though it was. We walked up and down under the archway, waiting for the other carriages to come up, and trying, but failing, to keep ourselves warm, and, as soon as our companions joined us, entered the house. The dirty wooden stairs, the long dark passage, the wretched apartment through which we passed, and in which two unfortunate travellers were trying to find comfort without warmth, and the still more wretched room within, into which we were shown—no grate, no fire, only the bare open hearth—the windows with double glass, to keep out the cold—the dirty table—the few chairs—the glare of the snow, and the fierceness of the biting wind which followed us, I shall never forget. A fire, of course, was our first order; and when logs of wood were blazing on the hearth our spirits began to revive. Dinner was the next thought, but we had arrived at an unfortunate moment. The man who had been the master of the inn was dead, and his widow was gone to his funeral. There were no persons about the place but a boy and a young girl, neither of them apparently much acquainted with their business. The lady's maid took pity on us under these trying circumstances. She went down to the kitchen, searched the closets, brought out all they contained, and then set to work to dress a beef-steak; and in course of time a dinner appeared, of boiled chicken, beef-steaks, and sponge-cakes for pudding, which was not at all to be despised. Nothing, however, could make me forget my first impression of the place—it was the very wildest, dreariest, most desolate house I ever was in; and its size only increased the feeling of horror it gave me. I felt that all the stories of robberies and murders which used to frighten me as a child would

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haunt me if I were obliged to stop there ; but happily I did not think of any nearer danger ; though we have since learnt that five days after we crossed the pass a party of gentlemen were attacked on the road by brigands or highway robbers, and only escaped by shooting one of them. We had nothing like pistols with us ; so that if we had been attacked, the robbers might have done anything they chose with us and our luggage.

When dinner was over, and we were preparing to set out again, the lady's maid informed us that the girl belonging to the house wished us to make out our own bill, for she did not understand how to do it herself. The request amused us not a little. But the girl knew quite enough to be exacting, and, when the bill was shown to her, found considerable fault with it, and grumbled and scolded till we left the place.

This inn, Santa Maria, as it is called, is not quite at the top of the pass ; the road ascends still higher for a short distance, till it reaches a small house or shed, the highest human habitation in Europe.

Opposite to this is an obelisk or pillar, marking the boundary between Lombardy and the Tyrol ; for, on descending the opposite side of the pass, we had entered a new country. The Tyrolese are a very peculiar race ; I must tell you something about them by and by, but just now I am only anxious to reach the end of the day's journey.

It was much more agreeable than the beginning. One sight alone, indescribably grand, which came upon us as soon as we stood upon the summit of the pass, was alone sufficient to repay us for any trouble, or suffering from cold. Immediately before us, closer than we had ever seen any grand mountain, was the

Orteler Spitz, inferior only to Mont Blanc and the Monte Rosa—a huge mass of a singular soft grey colour, and glittering with untrodden snow; two splendid glaciers coming down on each side of it, and only a deep narrow ravine, as it seemed, separating it from the steep mountain side, down which the zigzag road of the Stelvio pass was carried. In looking back upon our journey, some scenes stand out apart from all others; and this view of the Orteler Spitz is one never to be forgotten.

You may imagine how quick our descent was, yet it went on for a very considerable time. A few straggling fir trees at last appeared on the bleak mountains, and then followed signs of human habitation—little stone cottages, and a village, at which we talked of stopping; but it was too early in the afternoon, and the place was not inviting, so we continued our journey to Prad. The country around was not particularly remarkable. It bore some resemblance to Switzerland, but was different in having fewer trees. The people were working in the pasture lands making hay; for in the Tyrol there are two hay harvests in the course of the year. The women seemed to employ themselves out of doors as much as the men. Their dress reminded me of Wales, for they wore men's hats.

Prad is a small village, with the ruins of an old castle near it, to which we found our way whilst tea was preparing. The inn was small and homely, but very clean, and the civil German-speaking women who waited on us did every thing in their power to make us comfortable.

CHAP. VI.

PERSONS travelling through the Tyrol cannot properly enjoy the country without some knowledge of its history; and before we entered it, we had all taken some pains to learn the chief facts belonging to it. In the very old times the Tyrol was subject to a number of petty lords, one of whom at last became chief of all the others. The daughter of this nobleman, Margaret, surnamed Maultasch, or Greatmouth, married an Austrian prince, and as she inherited her father's dominions, the Tyrol from that time belonged to the princes of Austria. This union of the two countries took place in the year 1363. The government of Austria was good, and in the course of time many privileges were granted to the Tyrolese, which strongly attached them to their rulers; and when, about fifty years ago, the French having conquered the Austrians, declared they would take away the Tyrol from them, and give it to the Bavarians, the greatest possible feeling of indignation was excited throughout the country. The Tyrolese were devotedly fond of their native land, and entirely loyal to their Austrian sovereigns; they felt, as we may imagine the inhabitants of an English county would feel, if they were suddenly told that they were no longer to be subjects to the Queen of England, but were to be given over to the French.

The Austrians, being aware of their discontent, contrived to give them notice that they were willing to assist them in case they rebelled against the French and Bavarians, and soon after an insurrection broke out all over the country.

It was chiefly remarkable for the person who headed it — Hofer, the son of an innkeeper. He was a man of tolerable education, very religious, and honourable. His attachment to his country was excessive. Every thing belonging to the Tyrol he considered perfect; alterations were hateful to him; and his one great object was to restore every thing to the same state in which it had been before. There was something narrow-minded in this, yet no one can help admiring Hofer's noble, unselfish character; and the Tyrolese then, and ever since, have looked upon him quite as the hero of their country. He, and two friends—Speckbacher, a farmer, and Haspinger, a Roman Catholic priest—roused their countrymen to begin the war, and, after a number of battles and skirmishes, the French and Bavarians were defeated, and Hofer ruled the country in the name of the Austrian Government.

It was then that he showed his true greatness, for he was not in the least changed by suddenly acquiring rank and power. He lived in the most simple manner, wore his peasant's dress, and never required any one to pay him particular honour, but was addressed by his Christian name Anderl, or Andrew. Above all, he never permitted anything to interfere with his religious duties; and it is said that when friends were dining with him, and the hour for evening service arrived, he used to turn to them, and say, "We have eaten together, let us pray together."

The Tyrol continued free for a short time, but it was doomed at last to be conquered. The French again invaded the country, Hofer was taken prisoner, carried to Mantua, in Italy, and condemned to be shot. As he was led from prison to the place of execution, some of his countrymen threw themselves on the

ground before him, weeping bitterly, and entreating his blessing. Hofer gave it; at the same time asking forgiveness of all who had been led into misfortune by his example. He then delivered to the priest who accompanied him all that he possessed, adding, "My wife and family I leave to the Emperor."

He was placed in front of the line of soldiers, and required to kneel, but he refused. "I am used," he said, "to stand upright before my Creator, and in that posture I will deliver up my spirit to Him." There was no want of humility in this speech, neither did it imply that he never knelt. Hofer had spent all the previous night in devotion, but feeling himself an innocent person, unjustly condemned, he wished to show publicly, at the last moment of his life, that he was not ashamed of the part he had taken, nor afraid to trust himself to the Mercy of God. In the same spirit he refused to have his eyes bandaged, saying, "No, I have been accustomed to look into the mouths of cannon." When all was ready he gave a piece of money to the corporal, bidding him perform his duty well, and, retiring a few paces, pronounced in a firm voice "fire." The soldiers obeyed, but their hands were unsteady. They had too much sympathy with Hofer to be calm at such a moment. Every shot at first failed, but one at length proved more successful, and Hofer fell to the ground dead.

In appearance Hofer was exceedingly strong; but he was not very tall, and stooped when he walked. He had black eyes, brown bushy hair, and a beard which reached almost to his girdle. This was common at that time amongst the innkeepers in the Tyrol, and being an ancient practice, Hofer would on no account have given it up. His dress was always the same; a

broad-brimmed hat, ornamented with black ribbons and black feathers, a short green coat, a red waistcoat, with green braces, black breeches, and red stockings.

After his death his wife received a sum of money yearly from the Emperor of Austria; but the Austrians had never helped the Tyrolese as much as they had promised, and it is astonishing that the people should have remained as loyal to them as they did.

Hofer's friends, Speckbacher and Haspinger, escaped being taken prisoners; but both suffered much. Speckbacher hid himself in a cave amongst the mountains, till an avalanche one day swept over the hills and carried him into the valley. In the fall his leg was put out of joint, but he contrived to crawl to a village in the neighbourhood, not far from his own dwelling, and sought refuge in a cottage, the owners of which had formerly been very kind to him. These poor people being afraid that he would be discovered, if he remained there, — as the Bavarians were actually stationed in his house, — took him to his own stable, and there, for seven weeks, he remained, lying in a hole which a servant dug for him, underneath the spot where the cattle were accustomed to stand; never changing his position, and fed from time to time with the food he could manage to eat whilst lying in such a position, and which was brought to him by his servant. When the Bavarians had left the house he ventured forth, and, being joined by his wife, escaped to Austria.

Some years after the death of Hofer, when the power of the French was lessened, the Tyrol was again restored to the Austrians, and it has ever since remained subject to them.

After this short account of the events which have in late years made the Tyrol interesting, you will, I

hope, better understand the account of all we saw whilst journeying through it.

It took us several days to travel through the valley of the Inn, or the Innthal, as it is usually called, to Innsbruck, the capital of the Tyrol. I suppose we can scarcely be said to have gained a very true notion either of the country or the people from merely passing quickly amongst them. We know ourselves what strange ideas foreigners often form of us, and how much they alter their opinions when they come to live with us. But there were some things which it was impossible not to remark, and in which one could not be mistaken; and these I shall try and remember, as giving the best idea I was able to obtain of the Tyrol and its inhabitants.

In many respects there must naturally be a great resemblance between the Tyrol and Switzerland, for both are mountainous countries, and in both there are torrents, and ravines, and glaciers. But the mountains of the Tyrol are not as high as those of Switzerland; the snow-peaks and glaciers are fewer; the streams are smaller. It is not such a grand country, but it gives one more the idea of a pleasant land to live in, and it has a greater number of objects of interest belonging to by-gone days, especially old ruined towers and castles, standing on rocks and on the sides of the hills. This, indeed, is one of the first things which strikes one on entering the country. A Swiss valley is generally small, and formed of flat pasture lands, dotted about with cottages and chalets; but the valley of the Inn, the largest of the Tyrolean valleys, is not less than one hundred and twenty miles long, and from two to six miles wide; and instead of being flat it is broken into smaller hills, or bits of rising ground,

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shut in by the great mountains at the side; and on these small hills, in the middle of the valley, stand the old ruined towers and churches, with villages scattered about every where. As a whole I think the Innthal is without exception the most beautiful valley I have ever seen, and certainly it was that which gave me the most pleasure whilst I was abroad, though the weather was not favourable for seeing it, being cold and cloudy.

In Switzerland the peasants have a right to feed their cattle upon the mountains, but this is not the case in the Tyrol. A Tyrolean peasant possesses, perhaps, a cow, and one or two pigs, and a small piece of land, but this is only just sufficient to keep his family upon bread made of Indian corn, and milk; so that he is not much better off than an ordinary day labourer in England. Indian corn is more cultivated than any other kind of grain. Besides forming the chief food of the poor, it is eaten by horses, and the husks and sheaths are used in stuffing mattresses, and are burnt for firewood. The climate of the Tyrol is cold, especially in the Innthal; the city of Innsbruck, which is in the centre, being two thousand feet above the level of the sea. Only hardy vegetables, therefore, will grow in this part of the Tyrol; but nearer to Italy, in what is called the Southern Tyrol, fruit and vines are cultivated.

The villages have a bright prosperous appearance; the cottages are all built of stone, with projecting roofs, like those I have before described; and in the neighbourhood of the mountains we observed that they had double windows to keep out the cold. A gentleman's house is not to be seen, but there is an air of comfort about the peasants which is very pleasing, though I must say I was surprised to find almost as many beggars as

in Italy. The inns amused me much ; they were such large, old, rambling houses, and every now and then one met with something so odd and unlike what one was accustomed to elsewhere. Generally there was a long, large room at the top of the staircase, into which the bedrooms opened. What this large room was used for I could not quite understand. It appeared to be a kind of passage, as there was no door to shut it in, but it was furnished with a table and chairs like a regular room. There was a peculiar window in many of the houses which especially charmed me ; a kind of bay window, very deep, like an extra little room or closet, with glass all round it. It was usually placed at the corner of the house, and added greatly to its beauty on the outside, and in the inside it formed a convenient corner window, to which, in a large party, two or three persons might go aside by themselves to talk quietly. The towns at which we stopped in the Innthal had all, except one, names of one syllable. We passed through Prad, Mals, Graun, Pfunds, Landek, Imst, and Telfs, before we reached Innsbruck.

Graun was the place at which we dined on the day we left Prad. It was a small country town, in no way remarkable. A red-faced landlord came to the door of the inn to receive us, and ushered us up stairs into a large room, with a handsome ornamented ceiling and painted walls, against which hung pictures and a crucifix. The house evidently had belonged to some rich person in former days ; even the lock of the door was a curiosity, from its size and the difficult way in which it was made.

In due course of time the dinner was placed upon the table, but one of the gentlemen of our party declared himself unable to touch it. I inquired after-

wards what was the matter, and he told me that just after we arrived, as we were going out to take a little walk, he saw the unfortunate fowls upon which we were to dine brought in alive. This was very unlucky, for it so happened that, for the first day or two in the Tyrol, we were at very poor little country inns, where we had bad bread, butter which was quite uneatable, coffee and tea equally objectionable, and meat only tolerable; so that at last one or two of the party began to feel ill for want of proper food. Honey used to help us out of our difficulties in Switzerland, but we could not get it in the Tyrol. I was quite surprised to find the butter so bad. It seems as if it ought not to be so in a pasture country; but they never put any salt to it as we do in England, and, if there is anything disagreeable in the taste, there is nothing besides to make it bearable. Salt is, I believe, heavily taxed, which must be the reason for using it so little.

We had a specimen of the simple habits of the Tyrolese as we left Graun. No regular bill was brought—indeed, I doubt if the people of the inn could write properly—but they put down some figures on a slate, and then brought it to us for the sum to be paid.

The money in general use in the Tyrol is something like the Bavarian money; florins, worth about 1s. 8d., and kreutzers, sixty of which make a florin. Zwan-zigers also are very common.

The drive between Graun and Pfunds, the next village at which we slept, was most beautiful. It took us through one of the most splendid ravines amongst the Alps, called the pass of the Finstermünz, or Dark Mouth.



This pass is a cleft in the mountains, formed by the river Inn, which has forced its way through them, out of the Engadine, a Swiss valley, into the Tyrol. A person travelling on foot could make his way from the Tyrol into Switzerland, by following the course of the torrent, along a very difficult footpath; but no carriage could possibly attempt it. The road itself is most wonderful; it is cut along the side of the great cliffs, at an immense height, and from it you look down into the deep hollow, through which the Inn flows, and upwards to the rock, the summit of which your eye can scarcely reach. The sides of the pass are covered with trees; the rocks are rather of a reddish colour. This road through the Finstermünz and over the Stelvio, is one of the high-roads from the Tyrol into Lombardy; and it is, therefore, of great importance that it should be well made and kept in good repair; for as the people of Lombardy are not very contented with the Austrian Government, and are often inclined to rebel, it is necessary to have the means of sending soldiers into the country at any moment. Such facts do not appear to us of much importance, living as we do, in an island, and not very often troubling ourselves with any thoughts of invasion; but we must remember that what the sea is to us, the mountains are to such a country as the Tyrol. They shut it in, and defend it; and as we build forts on the sea coast, in places where we think it possible an enemy might land, so the Emperor of Austria has built a great fortress at the entrance of the Finstermünz, that, in case of a war, he might be able to prevent a foreign army from entering the Tyrol. It is for this reason also, I imagine, that he has given orders for another road to be made through it. The present

road appears to do very well for travellers, but probably is not quite so easy for troops, and a higher road has been begun, the plans for which we watched with much interest.

Just as we entered the ravine, and began to descend towards the river, we observed a number of people at work amongst the rocks above us, and presently down came stones and rubbish very awkwardly, and almost upon our heads. On inquiry we found that a Government officer was then employed in marking out the new road, and white posts were placed at certain distances along the cliffs to show where it was to be carried. It was a perfect marvel to us where it could go. The rock appeared quite steep, and the height was tremendous; yet in places where one would think even a bird would scarcely perch, the white poles were stuck. The lower part of the pass has some defence as well as the upper; for the road, on reaching the banks of the river, is carried over to the other side by a bridge, on which stands an old tower and a gateway, and — what one sees in every place abroad, however wild — a Chapel. Whether the tower could stand very long if it were attacked by an army, I cannot pretend to say; but it would make a very pretty picture, with the bridge, and the river, and the huge cliffs rising up around, and I quite longed to draw it.

The inn at which we slept that night, at the little town of Pfunds, will be always memorable to me for the stupidity of the people, the meagre coldness of the rooms and the furniture, the bad supper which only a few of us could eat, the general low spirits of the party, and the overpowering headache which obliged one who was always called upon to talk for the rest to go to bed before tea.



But more than all to be remembered was the despair of the lady's maid, who delighted in large rooms and comfort, hated rocks and mountains, and could not in the least understand what pleasure we could find in wandering in such out-of-the-way places ; where people talked German, which she could not understand, and gave us such very indifferent food, that even Daval went to bed because he could not make up his mind to eat what was offered him.

For myself, I had not much to complain of, for, instead of being called upon to arrange for other people's comfort, they were kind enough to arrange for mine ; and, if I remember rightly, I made a very good supper in spite of the musty bread and bad butter. Pfunds, however, is not a very delightful place. It is nothing but a straggling village, not very clean, formed of a number of narrow lanes, through which streams flow from the mountains, and cows and goats wander at will. We walked about a little just after our arrival, and looked into two churches, which had all the usual ornaments of Roman Catholic churches. In one, there was an evening service, which reminded me of an English service, all the congregation joining in the responses as we do in the Litany. The manner of the people was very devout ; and this I believe is remarkable throughout the Tyrol, the inhabitants having the character of being extremely religious.

CHAP. VII.

It was pleasant the next day to reach Landek, one of the largest villages in the Tyrol. It was the first place

at which our friend, who grieved so much over the untimely death of the chicken at Graun, was able to make a good dinner; and it really was a satisfaction to see him eat heartily, for he was beginning to look quite ill. The situation of Landek is perfectly lovely. It has hills, and castles, and woods, and mountains, all around it, and the river Inn flowing by it; and every little piece of ground close to the town is pretty, and the views of the mountains further up the valley are most grand. We went for a walk as usual up one of the nearest hills, which, from the green turf and the trees scattered about, and the lovely flowers, made me think of an English gentleman's park. When I say, however, that we took a walk, you must not imagine that we went easily along a lane, or even over a tolerably steep path. Our walks were always scrambles; this one, I remember, led us up a watercourse, in some places so steep that we could scarcely get on.

In mountainous countries one cannot go any distance without climbing; and indeed, as far as I can judge, the absence of what we call cross roads and lanes everywhere abroad would be a great drawback to one's daily pleasures. There are many days when one is not at all inclined to climb a steep hill or scramble up a watercourse, and yet one has no fancy for the high road; and it is then, I think, one should long for a pleasant, shady, English lane.

We went into the church at Landek, which is beautifully situated on a hill, but the building itself did not please me. It is white, like all the churches in the Tyrol, and the corners were painted yellow, which gave it a poor, tawdry, look. The churchyard was very striking, being filled with little gilt crosses placed over the different graves; and as we stood at one end

of the ground, and looked across it, we could see nothing but the glittering crosses rising up against a most enormous wall of grey mountains. All the space between the churchyard and the mountains was hidden from our view. There were no houses, no signs of human life, nothing to remind one of the business and cares of this world; but in their stead the holy sign which told of redemption from the grave, and the mighty hills which spoke of the Majesty of God. The inscriptions on the crosses were very touching — “to the memory of those who were resting in peace and hope, having been strengthened by the last sacraments of the Church.” They were of course Roman Catholic inscriptions, for the Tyrolese are all Romanists; but a churchyard is not a place in which one is inclined to dwell upon the points in which persons differ from oneself. Religion in the Tyrol is brought before one constantly. Every tiny village has its church. The number is marvellous. Crucifixes and pictures meet one at every turn; and I was disappointed to observe also an immense number of images of the Virgin Mary. I had been led to expect that the Tyrolese were less devoted to Romish practices than the Italians, but, certainly from all I saw, I should imagine there could be but little difference between them, at least as regards the worship of the Virgin.

One day we saw, in a country town, a procession entirely in her honour. A number of school children walked first, carrying banners; the boys and girls separately; then came the priests in ornamented robes; and then a number of women, two and two, followed by the men. They were all chanting slowly, but the voices were rather wearisome. The people were

staring and looking about, and did not give me a notion of being very serious.

The Tyrolese are not by any means as handsome as the Italians, and their dress is far less becoming. The men wear knee-breeches, corded with yellow, white or grey stockings, grey waistcoats, and peaked hats, with tassels hanging down, or a peacock's feather or a ribbon fastened in them. They generally carry about with them a large knife, the handle of which is seen sticking out of their dress. The women sometimes wear men's hats with gilt tassels, and sometimes very large caps made of the skin of the otter, which makes it appear as if they had put a child's muff upon their heads. They are very sturdy looking, for they put on a great number of petticoats. Even the little children wear men's hats.

The mistress of an inn carries at her side a large leathern pocket or bag, with a clasp; fastened round her waist by a leathern belt. These bags are pretty looking things, for they are very neatly worked in patterns with the white upper portions of the quill of a peacock's feather.

The men wear large leathern belts, very broad in front, worked in the same way. The belts are hollow, and in them they carry their money. The women are often employed in ornamenting them.

After a drive through one of the most lovely parts of the Innthal, we arrived at Imst, the place at which we were to sleep after leaving Landek, in time for a walk; and, in order to obtain the best view of the town and the country, we went up a hill, which, like those in Italy, was dedicated to sacred remembrances. There were little chapels and pictures as usual at different stations, and by each picture were inscribed a few

verses in German, referring to the subject. A person must be very cold and indifferent who could ascend the steep hill and stop to read the simple, earnest, verses without some serious feeling. And there was nothing likely to disturb it. The pictures were roughly done, but were in no way irreverent, neither was there anything in them to remind one of the worship of the Virgin. It was simply a place dedicated to the memory of our Lord, as a church might be, and it satisfied me more than anything else of the kind I had seen.

The country also was impressive. The view was extensive; on one side looking over a long valley, which we were not, however, to pass through; and on the other giving us a glimpse of the road through the Innthal by which we were travelling, and the mountains which were a barrier between us and Innsbruck; whilst close to us was a rugged ravine leading up into the hills, below which stands the town of Imst. These mountain views, seen as the sun is setting, with the snow glittering upon the tops of the stupendous hills, and the shades gathering around them, are very solemn. They make one feel how much there is even in this world which man can never reach,—wild regions of rocks, and snow tracts, and precipices, over which we have no power, but which are, as it were, the peculiar property of Him who made them.

The religious habits of the people were shown as we came down from the hill. It was the time for evening service, and every one was flocking to church; the women coming out of the houses with their children, and locking the doors, but not seeming to think it at all necessary that any one should be kept from church to take care of the cottage.



Imst is a cheerful looking town, with tolerably large houses, and particularly pleasant to us, as we found a good inn there. The room in which we sat had a corner window, which made a most comfortable, pretty little parlour, especially convenient, as the room itself was in fact a bedroom.

Our landlady at Imst exerted herself to the utmost to make us comfortable, whilst she rushed about with a great bunch of keys at her side, talking in a loud, sharp voice, as fast and as incessantly as if she had nothing to do but to chatter, and we had nothing to do but to listen. The whole inn, indeed, was in commotion that evening; for, besides ourselves, a party of German travellers had arrived, who were going through the Tyrol on foot; and every room in the house was occupied.

I must not forget to tell you that Imst was once a very famous place for canary birds. An immense number were bred here, and carried afterwards to distant countries. The trade was then so flourishing that the men who travelled to sell the birds often returned after an absence of eight or nine months with between two and three thousand pounds to divide amongst the persons to whom the canaries belonged. It is very different now; but there are still some houses in the place, in which these birds are bred.

The signs in the street, at Imst, I remember, amused me very much. Instead of having the name of the shop written up, a picture was painted to represent the articles to be sold. At a grocer's, for instance, there were some eggs and cheese; and at a butcher's, a man lifting up his hand to kill a great ox, and a little dog looking up at him.

It was a day's journey from Imst to Innsbruck.

The road was excessively beautiful at first, with the Inn winding through the valley, its banks covered with wood, churches dotted about, and huge misty mountains on each side, the white summits of which peered above masses of clouds. But nearer to Innsbruck the valley widens, and the Inn, like many other rivers, spreads itself out, and has a stony, dreary looking beach; and this is always a great drawback to what might otherwise be a beautiful view.

We dined at Telfs, a moderately sized village with a wonderful peaked mountain rising just behind it, and then set out on our last drive before we reached Innsbruck.

The road passed near the foot of the great hills, and close under one giant cliff, which had a peculiar interest from the story attached to it. Martin's Wand, or Martin's Wall as it is called, is a steep, unbroken precipice, 770 feet high, immediately below which flows the river Inn. Between three and four hundred years ago, Maximilian of Austria, lord of the Tyrol, and afterwards Emperor of Germany, was pursuing a chamois amongst the rocks above Martin's Wand, when he missed his footing, and rolled to the edge of the precipice. He was just able to save himself from falling headlong over, by clinging, with his head downwards, to a ledge of rock; but he was unable to move either up or down, and it seemed as if no human being could approach him. His death appeared certain; and when his situation was known, the Abbot of Wilten, a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, drew near to the foot of the rock, and offered up the prayers for the dying. The prince considered himself lost, and recommended himself to the mercy of God. But a loud cry was suddenly heard, and a bold hunter, named

Zips, who had been clambering after a chamois, drew near the spot. He no sooner discovered the prince's danger than he made his way to him, by steps which no other person would have dared to take, held out his arm, and assisted in guiding him along the face of the rock, till he reached a place of safety. The preservation of the prince was considered such a miracle, that the common people even now believe that an angel was sent to save him. Maximilian himself did not fail to acknowledge the mercy thus shown him, and year by year he retired for a certain number of weeks from the splendour of a court, to the poverty of a convent, that he might occupy himself in penitence, prayer, and thanksgiving.

It is said that the bold hunter received the title of Count Hollauer von Hohenfelsen, or Count Hulloa of the High Rock, in remembrance of the cry which first attracted the prince's notice; and the name of Zips is mentioned amongst the list of those who yearly received a certain sum of money from the royal treasury. The spot where this event happened is now hollowed out into a cave, and marked by a crucifix.

CHAP. VIII.

MARTIN'S WAND is about eight miles from Innsbruck. We drove into the town as the sun was setting splendidly over the mountains behind us. I had thought of our arrival so much and so long, and had for so many years longed to visit Innsbruck, that perhaps it was scarcely possible I should not be disappointed in it.

It is, undoubtedly, a surprising place in its situa-

tion. A person who has not been there can scarcely imagine the strangeness of seeing immense mountains, eight or nine thousand feet high, rising up at the end of the streets, as if they were quite close; or, as it has been said, "as if the wolves prowling amongst them could look down into the town." When we were at Innsbruck the weather was cold, and it was late in the season, and there was snow resting upon the mountains, which increased their grandeur; and I never could get over the feeling of wonder when I looked out of the window of the hotel, into a handsome, broad street, and then cast my eyes up to the snow. It seemed as if the two things could not possibly have any right to be so near together—they were so unsuited for each other. But, except in the situation, I saw little in Innsbruck to admire, though a great deal to excite interest. The houses are white, and very tolerably regular; and the streets are broad and level; for the town stands on even ground in the centre of the valley; and though the mountains look so near when they are seen at the end of the streets, they are, in reality, many miles off. Some old parts there are with covered ways, and arches along the streets; but the town, as a whole, does not look very old. That which struck me more than anything else was its quietness, and that it seemed to belong entirely to the peasants. This, indeed, is remarkable all through the Tyrol, as far as I have seen. The country people seem to be every thing; and so it is at Innsbruck. Though it is the chief city, the capital of the country, it seems to be the capital only for the peasants. The articles of dress in the shops are such as the peasants wear: hats with peacock's feathers, shawls, and stuff gowns and prints; no rich silks and



gay dresses, such as are seen in the large towns in England. Then the streets are so empty ! I do not recollect to have observed a private carriage all the time I was there, except one belonging to some English people who were setting off on a journey ; neither are there any stands of carriages for hire ; and the sight of an Austrian officer riding slowly up the town was perfectly astonishing. This kind of stillness is more remarkable when one thinks of the bustle of London.

The hotels are good. We were not at the largest, but at another, just opposite, called the "Goldene Sonne," or Golden Sun. Our sitting room was of a good size, uncarpeted, and with a stove in one corner, looking like a white polished pillar. As the weather was cold, we had it lighted, but it did not make up for the blazing warmth of an English fire. We used to stand by it, and put our hands upon it, to warm them, but no one thought of sitting near the stove ; and after it had been burning some time, the heat and closeness of the room became oppressive.

I think you would have been amused at the first order given after our arrival. Three washerwomen were to be sent for at nine o'clock the next morning. The very thought of them was a satisfaction ; for the quantity of dust and dirt which our dresses, and the carriages, and every thing belonging to us, had gathered during our long journey is not to be described. I scarcely ever remember to have been more anxious for a new ribbon and a clean bonnet cap. But shopping in Innsbruck is not a very easy matter. A plain straw bonnet was a treasure not to be purchased at any price. There were some,—fine, flimsy, and open-worked, brought, we were told, from

Vienna; but we could not meet with anything more substantial, except the peasants' caps. Matching ribbon was equally difficult, though the colour required was a common dark purple. I ordered a new stick for my parasol, which was broken; and when it was brought home it was like a long, stout, little walking-stick; very strong, undoubtedly, as the woman reminded me with great satisfaction when she held it up to be admired, but not quite what we are accustomed to carry about with us in England. As for pins, they were a perpetual torment; but I believe bad pins are not peculiar to Innsbruck, but are common everywhere abroad. I bought a paper of very large ones, thinking they would be serviceable, and they were no sooner put into my dress than they bent like pieces of wire.

But if finding what one needed was a difficulty, paying for it was much more so. The Austrian money is more puzzling and provoking than can well be imagined. It consists, principally, of little strips of paper, marked with the number of kreutzers which it is supposed to be worth, and the value of a kreutzer may be about three farthings. If only this paper money were used it would be all very well; but there are other kreutzers, coined in metal, like our pence and halfpence, and these, though they go by the same name, are worth more than the paper kreutzer. For instance, if you wished to change a paper florin, you would receive for it sixty paper kreutzers, but not half the number if you were paid in coin. The paper money, in fact, is bad money, and the people call it "schein," or "make believe." The real money is called "münz," or coined. When we first heard this word we were extremely perplexed. We were

told that something we wished to purchase would be so many kreuzters "*münz*," but what was meant by "*münz*" we had not the least idea. Nothing is more easy than to cheat persons who do not understand the difference of the two kinds of money, since they may be charged the true price according to the bad money, and yet may be allowed to pay in *münz*, or good money.

The churches at Innsbruck were the first things we went to see. The Hof Kirche, or Court Church, is the most celebrated; not so much for its size and grandeur, as for the remarkable monuments which it contains. In the very centre of the church stands an immense marble tomb, in honour of the Emperor Maximilian, whose figure you may perhaps recollect that I mentioned to have seen, carved over a mantel-piece at Bruges in Belgium. He was a powerful monarch, and his dominions were very extensive, and on his tomb are sculptured the principal events of his reign,— battles, and councils, and marriages, and interviews with different sovereigns. The subjects are not, indeed, suited for a tomb, which can only remind one that all earthly glory is nothing, and must soon pass away for ever: but they are most exquisitely carved in white marble: the most trifling objects—the ornaments of a lady's dress, the head dresses, the patterns of robes, being all as clearly marked as if they were painted. There are no less than twenty-four of these small carved pictures. I saw them twice, but it would take a longer time to examine any one properly.

But that which strikes a stranger most, on entering the great church at Innsbruck, is a collection of immense figures, cast in a dark metal called bronze, and representing all kinds of celebrated persons of former

days. They stand in two rows, on each side of the centre aisle, with their black, heavy armour, and swords, and quaint dresses; some looking fierce, and all very strange, and unfitted for a church. And yet there is something solemn in the still, motionless forms,—one could not wish them to be removed. Why they were chosen it is difficult to understand, for they do not all belong to the Tyrol, or even to Austria: one of our old Saxon kings—Arthur—is amongst them, and there are several ladies, extremely ugly, and most unbecomingly dressed.

The same person—Collin—who carved the marble tomb of the Emperor Maximilian was also employed to ornament in the same way the tomb of one of his descendants,—Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, and Count of the Tyrol. The history of this prince interested me much. When he was only nineteen he married a young girl named Philippina Welser, the daughter of a merchant of Augsburg, in Germany. Philippina was a very beautiful and charming person, but her father-in-law, who was Emperor of Germany, could not forget that she was the daughter of a German citizen, and he would not forgive his son, or acknowledge her as his daughter. Eight years went by and the Emperor and Philippina had never met. But at the end of that time the young Archduchess contrived to gain an interview with her father-in-law, and, throwing herself at his feet, entreated him with tears to grant his son's pardon. The sight of her distress touched the monarch's heart, and from that hour they were friends. The Emperor had no reason to repent his forgiveness, for Philippina proved a most excellent wife, and made her husband happy for thirty years, during which they lived together. The

monument of Ferdinand and Philippina is placed in what is called the Silver Chapel, a small building added on to the great church. It was built by Ferdinand, as the especial burying-place of himself and his wife; and he gave to it an image of the Virgin Mary made of solid silver; from which, and another silver ornament — a kind of picture — over the altar, the chapel receives its name.

Andrew Hofer was buried in the Court Church. His body was brought to Innsbruck eleven years after his death. The last Emperor of Austria erected a marble statue to his memory. He is represented in the dress of a peasant of the Tyrol, with his rifle slung over his shoulder, and a banner in his hand.

The other churches at Innsbruck are not very remarkable.

We spent one morning at the museum — a collection of curious and interesting things belonging to the country. The affection which the Tyrolese feel for Hofer is particularly shown in this place. They keep his picture there, his sword, his green braces, and a medal which he wore round his neck, bearing the image of the saint whom he believed peculiarly watched over him. Museums in great cities usually contain curiosities from all parts of the world, but at Innsbruck there is scarcely any thing which has not some connection with the Tyrol. There are pictures, but they are copies by native artists; globes and maps, made by the peasants; stones, from the mountains; wood carvings, for which the Tyrolese are famous; salt, from the mines; gloves, of wash-leather, and of a peculiar soft skin, which are made to cover the wrist much more than ours: specimens, in short, of all things in any way peculiar to them: and even one of

the princes of the royal family of Austria is represented in a Tyrolean dress, and wearing a hat ornamented with peacock's feathers. All this helps to keep up that strong love of their country and their ancient customs for which they are remarkable.

Foreigners are not the only persons who come to Innsbruck to see sights. An astonishing old woman, a peasant from the country, accompanied by a man, went through the great church at the same time as ourselves. She was very stout, and the number of her petticoats I will not venture to guess, but they certainly made her a surprising size. Round her neck she wore two necklaces, one coral, and the other garnet; and, instead of a bonnet, her hair was plaited, and black velvet fastened round it. She quite haunted us, for she appeared again in the afternoon of the day on which we had seen her at the church, as we were going over an old castle on a hill, a short distance from the town.

The word castle makes English people think of thick grey walls covered with ivy; but castles abroad are often spoilt by being whitened on the outside, so that no one would imagine them to be old buildings. Castle Ambras resembles an oddly built house, with little turrets at the corners. I was disappointed in it, and yet glad that I saw it, for there were many interesting things about it. In former times it was the residence of the archdukes of Austria; and in it Ferdinand and Philippina passed many years of their life. There was something very touching in finding in the deserted castle some things which had been the actual property of Philippina, and which are still kept in the room which she inhabited. Amongst other things we saw a little chamber organ, a harpsichord or old-

fashioned piano, a tortoiseshell cabinet, a case with two hundred little drawers in it, a mirror which reflected the same thing fifteen times, ornaments brought to her from Genoa, and—what especially seemed to carry one back to the years when she was living—her money-chest, and a child's toy with little moving figures, most likely used by one of her own children. It made one grave, and almost sad, to look at these trifles, although there was no real cause for sadness. Philippina was, I believe, a good person, and lived upon the whole a happy life; but articles once commonly used by persons who have so long been dead, make one feel that they really existed on earth much more than great buildings or monuments; and then serious thoughts are apt to come to one's mind, as to where they are now, and where we shall all soon be.

There are a few pictures of the royal family of Austria kept in the castle of Ambras, and some suits of armour, or steel covering, which persons used to wear in the old times when they went to war: but the most strange thing I saw there was the skin of a horse belonging to Charles V., Emperor of Germany, and uncle to Philippina's husband. Charles was a very celebrated king, and his horse, I suppose, was celebrated too, for its skin, as I said, has been preserved, and put upon a wooden model, so that it looks as if the creature had been stuffed. In the same way another horse, who took a famous leap in those days, has been remembered by having his skin kept; and in the room with these animals is a figure dressed in the clothes which actually belonged to a stable-boy at the same time. There are no large rooms, or grand halls, or staircases, in the castle of Ambras, and, with

the exception of the few things I have mentioned, there is nothing to be seen there except the view from the roof, which extends a great way, but is not so splendid as I was inclined to imagine. The valley of the Inn is certainly by no means as beautiful near the city as it is at a distance. The river, with its stony shore, looks quite dreary, and there is a great want of wood; indeed that I remarked from the first moment we entered the Tyrol. Another large town besides Innsbruck can be seen from the castle of Ambras—Hall, near which are some famous salt-mines. There seemed to be very little ground about Ambras: it was built quite on the edge of the hill, and a road passed directly behind it.

On the same day that we went to the castle we also paid a visit to the Abbey of Wilten, a great church, which is memorable to the Tyrolese because Hofer and his friend Speckbacher met one night in the churchyard to form plans for the deliverance of their country, and ask the blessing of God upon their undertaking. For this reason I also was interested in the spot; but in itself the abbey was as ugly a building as one could well see: white and yellow on the outside, and with a mixture of black and tawdry ornaments in the inside. A person who expected to see any thing like a beautiful old English abbey or cathedral would be grievously disappointed. Having shortly before read accounts of the defence of the country by Hofer, and the battles and sieges which took place at that time, it was satisfactory to be able to trace the spots where the different events took place. A hill, called the Iselberg, to which we drove after seeing Castle Ambras and Wilten, was one particularly noted, as it stands just above the town, and both the

Tyrolese and their enemies several times encamped and fought upon it. It is principally used now as a rifle-ground, for the Tyrolese are remarkable for their skill in shooting with this particular kind of gun, and practise a great deal.

Our last day at Innsbruck was wet and cold ; but we managed to go out a little while in the town to finish our shopping. The stout old woman, with the quantity of petticoats and the plaited hair, was wandering about at the same time, and I began to look upon her as an old acquaintance. Shopping in Innsbruck can in one respect be managed better than in many other places, for a great number of the shops are under arcades, so that one can walk about without getting wet. These arcades form the oldest part of the town. A house once inhabited by the counts of Tyrol is still standing there, which has an oriel window,—a particular kind of ornamented bay window,—covered with a roof of gilt copper. It is said to have been made by the command of one of the counts of Tyrol, called Frederick of the Empty Purse, because he was supposed to have no money. In order to show that this nick-name was unfounded, he spent 30,000 ducats—more than 14,000*l.*—in this absurd way.

One thing more may be mentioned before leaving Innsbruck,—the constant use which is made there, and, indeed, throughout the Tyrol, of aniseed in bread. Except in the great hotels, one can scarcely meet with any bread free from it, and even as we passed through the streets the smell in the bakers' shops was quite strong. Unfortunately we all disliked it.

Fresh arrangements were required to be made for our journey from Innsbruck to Venice. We had only engaged our voituriers as far as Innsbruck, but on

talking to Daval we found he was willing to carry us on farther. Whilst we were seeing sights he was busy in buying and selling horses; the horse which was so knocked up before we crossed the Stelvio, being pronounced lazy and unfit for hard work. The day before we left Innsbruck, Daval announced with great glee that he had made a capital purchase, and the gentlemen of our party were summoned into the court-yard of the hotel to see the new horse. Daval's ambition was to have four greys, for he intended, he said, to go to Florence for the winter, and there the ladies and gentlemen liked to have horses to their carriages all of one colour. We were to part from our Swiss voiturier and his carriage at Innsbruck. I do not know what prevented him from going on with us, for we were all sorry to say "good b'ye!" to him; and he, on his part, did not at all seem to fancy returning into Italy by the pass of the Stelvio, as he had engaged to do, having been hired by a party who were wishing to travel that way. "*Cela m'ennuie,*" — "*It wearies me,*" — he said to me, when we were talking about it; and I could quite sympathise with him. Grand as the Stelvio undoubtedly was, I should not at all have enjoyed the thought of going back to its perpetual snows and fierce winds.

CHAP. IX.

WE left Innsbruck on the 18th of September, intending to make about a week's journey to Venice. Daval had engaged a new voiturier, and a new carriage; the latter not quite as comfortable as that which we had



parted with, being rather small for three persons. The voiturier was an Italian, a Venetian, who spoke Venetian, which is a peculiar kind of Italian; so peculiar indeed that it is difficult to understand it; and the quickness with which his words followed each other was a constant source of wonder. He was a round-faced, black-haired, merry-looking man, with a pair of sparkling black eyes, which gave one the notion that he could get into a passion in a moment. The Tyrol was quite a new country to him, and he was full of admiration of what he had seen, describing to us, as he walked up the hills by the side of the carriage, how he had stood "bocca aperta," or open mouthed, with astonishment at the bronze figures in the great church at Innsbruck. But sight-seeing was not every thing to him. He could not speak a word of German, and was unable therefore to ask for what he wanted, and when dinner time came, he was in despair: "all he could do," he said, "was to go into the kitchen, point first to one thing, then to another, then to himself, until at last he made the people understand his necessities." He was evidently rejoiced to be travelling again towards Italy.

So I think were we. Notwithstanding the beauty of the Tyrol, and the interest which we felt in the history of the country, and the character of the people, the prospect of the warmth and brightness of the south, and the idea of seeing Venice, were very delightful. The weather, when we started, was sufficient in itself to make us wish for a better climate, it being dull and cold, something like a February day in England. It was half-past seven before we set off,—half an hour later than we had intended; but there is always a good deal to do and say at the last moment

before beginning a long journey. Daval's four horses looked quite grand, and considerable interest was taken in the new one, which promised to be a particularly good purchase. The road led us past the Abbey of Wilten, and soon began to ascend what the guide books said was a mountain, called the Brenner; but it was not in the least like the passes of the Simplon and the Stelvio; for it did not wind in and out amongst rocks and precipices, but was only like any other very long and steep hill. It was almost too cold to enjoy the views: I remarked nothing very peculiar, except the coloured spires of the little churches, bright red and green, which looked very cheerful, but very odd.

Some of the women whom we met wore stockings without feet, as we had remarked on first entering the Tyrol, and the men had artificial flowers in their hats. We dined at a little town called Steinach, and did not go out at all: the weather was so cold that we only cared to order a fire and sit by it. Hofer slept at a little inn in this place the night before one of his battles, and the people keep his bed, and the chamber, as something quite sacred. A travelling cap was lost at Steinach, which was hung upon a peg in the outer room to that which we occupied: just as we were setting off it was missed, and could no where be found. The people of the inn spoke Italian as well as German, and we took it into our heads that it was a specimen of Italian dishonesty, for we had been told that a difference could be perceived in the people directly we approached Italy. But it was rather an absurd idea, considering how near we still were to Lunabruck. We reached the highest part of the road over the Brenner in our drive after dinner, and just about that time it



began to rain a little, which was unfortunate, as obliged us to have the carriage shut, and prevented seeing the view well. Two little mountain streams have their sources on the top of the Brenner, very near each other; yet, from taking different directions, one goes to the south, joins the river Adige, and flows into the Adriatic: the other goes to the north, flows into the river Inn, and afterwards joins the Danube and falls at last into the Black Sea. Nothing gives one a more true and interesting knowledge of geography in travelling, than tracing the course of little mountain streams in this way. It is so strange to think how far apart their end may be, though at their birth they were side by side.

It was a very pretty country which we passed through after crossing the Brenner. The Eisack, a little stream which flows into the Adige, is beautiful and clear, and there are cliffs and rocks all round it. We observed women ploughing in the fields, for in Tyrol, as in other countries abroad, women do a great deal of the out-of-door work.

Sterzing, at which place we slept, was rather a large town with fine old houses. In former days there were valuable mines of silver, lead, and copper, in the neighbourhood, and the miners grew so rich that they were able to build handsome ornamented houses, which are still standing, though the place is not as prosperous as it used to be; the mines having ceased to be productive. The miners also gave a large portion of their wealth to build the parish church; but we were unable to visit it, as it stands a little way out of town, and we had only time to wander about through the streets, trying to find out one particular house which we had heard was worth seeing, but which

did not satisfactorily make out. It is difficult to understand how high the villages and towns in a mountainous country may be. When we were at Sterzing I forgot that we had been ascending a mountain all day, and had only descended a little distance on the other side ; and I could scarcely have believed that we were then three thousand feet above the level of the sea.

It is not to be wondered at that we found it cold at such a height in the middle of September ; but it is another warning against going into a mountainous country too late in the season.

Sterzing was very cold ; the inn was large, and with an arched way or covered court for the entrance, and very long, large passages by the bed-rooms. Most of the houses in the place gave me the idea of being built in the same way. We ordered the stove in one of the bed-rooms to be lighted, and managed to make ourselves comfortable ; but I am more and more convinced that there is nothing half as pleasant as our cheerful open English hearths.

I was amused before we set off from Sterzing the next morning, to see three persons, engaged in making out the bill, leaning against the railing on the top of the stairs, and marking down the different articles with a piece of chalk on a slate. The weather was a little warmer on this day, and the road exceedingly pretty, with old ruined castles perched on the tops of the lesser hills, and the Eisack flowing through the valley. Snow had so lately fallen that even the trees on the sides of the hills were tipped with it.

The valley became narrower and narrower as we went on, and at the end it was defended by a huge fortress, something in the same way as the pass of the

Finstermünz. The fortress is called Franzensveste, or Francis' Fort. Just near this place the Tyrolese made a most brave defence against the French in the time of their celebrated war. The river Eisack flows between very high steep banks, and forms a ravine, up which the French general attempted to pass. The Tyrolese were under the guidance of Haspinger, the priest, who, though he did not fight himself, used to encourage the people by rushing from one to the other with a crucifix in his hand, exhorting them to bravery. On this occasion the peasants hid themselves amongst the trees and roots on the sides of the ravine, and as the French entered it they started up, firing upon their enemies, hurling down stones, and throwing the French into such desperate confusion that they were completely overcome. It is only when one has passed through the country, and seen one of these great hollows amongst the hills, that one can begin to understand how terrible such an attack must be. We dined at Mühlbach, a small village most beautifully situated at the bottom of a deep glen. The landlady of the inn proposed to us to carry away the cakes which she brought us after dinner, as we had not eaten them; and when we declined, she insisted upon taking them off the bill; a piece of strict honesty we should not have easily found in Italy, or even in England.

One of the few accidents which happened during our travels, occurred that afternoon, as we were driving through a long valley called the Pusterthal to the town of Brunecken. The trace which fastened the horses to one of the carriages was very old and rotten, and it broke. One of the wheel horses fell, and as we were going down hill, and near a bank, with something of a precipice on the other side, it was rather awkward.

Daval, however, managed very cleverly, and pulled the other wheel horse down, so as to stop the carriage, and prevent further mischief. Daval looked pale and frightened when it was all over; but he took the matter very coolly at the time, and I don't think he quite knew how much danger there was until afterwards. Brunecken is the chief town of the Pusterthal, with a castle on a hill, and a prison, and a long street of tall houses. We went up to the castle, and enjoyed the view from it, which is very extensive, and made one long for time and summer days, that one might wander about amongst the valleys and mountains; and then we returned to our hotel, and to the delights of a smoky stove, which is quite as disagreeable as a smoky fireplace, and not half as cheerful.

The dress of the women in this part of the Tyrol is particularly ugly — red stockings, and a coarse plaited woollen apron, with some bright-coloured gown underneath. It is pleasant to see the peasants working on their lands so diligently — they all have an interest in the country, and in country work, for there are no manufactures as there are with us. They do not give me the idea of a very quick people. At the inns their manner is often quite dull, as if they did not care whether they pleased you or not.

It was a rainy morning when we started from Brunecken at eight o'clock. Of course we did not see much of the country; but the little we did gain a glimpse of seemed less interesting than any we had passed through before.

Niederndorf, where we stopped to dine, was a small quiet place, not remarkable, as far as we were concerned, for anything but the fresh trout, caught in a little river that flows by the village. Trout are plen-

tiful all through the Tyrol. They are generally boiled, as in England; but when they are brought to table, instead of being laid straight on the dish, they look as if they had been cooked in the very act of jumping out of the water, their heads and fins being curled and twisted as if they were alive.

The weather cleared in the middle of the day, and became warm and pleasant; and when we set off, after dinner, for Cortina d'Ampezzo, where we were to sleep, I felt as if we were really advancing towards Italy. The name was decidedly Italian, and the place was in fact on the borders of the two countries.

Our Italian voiturier had taken an additional horse at Brunecken, but had sent him back, not liking, I suppose, the expense, which in such cases is borne, not by the travellers, but the driver. At Niederndorf, however, Daval, I believe, had persuaded him to engage another, for we had a long drive before us over the Ampezzo Pass—a way through the mountains which separate this part of the Tyrol from the province of Venice, in Italy. We drove for some distance towards the east, over what is called a table land,—that is a tract of country high, but very flat,—when we perceived a wooden cross of an enormous size, at the foot of which two roads met. They led not merely, as in England, to different villages or towns, but to distinct countries, unlike in manners, laws, and language. One road would have led us to Austria and Hungary; the other, which we took, carried us into Italy. I looked at the word Carinthia, written on a sign-post which we passed almost immediately afterwards; and it seemed as if I had never understood before that such a country existed.

But I was not to see Carinthia then. Daval turned

our horses heads towards the south, and in a few minutes we had left the open table land, and were driving through a narrow valley between gigantic pointed cliffs, wooded at the base, but tipped with snow. They were very grand, quite unlike anything we had seen before, more sharp and steep, and separate one from another ; and they continued to succeed each other for several miles. Some persons might think it very extraordinary that one could think of anything but the scenery just then ; but I confess that from time to time my attention was withdrawn from the rocks to a little business which was being transacted between our Italian voiturier and the Tyrol peasant, to whom the additional horse belonged. One spoke nothing but Italian—the other understood only German ; yet the Italian contrived to make his new acquaintance understand that he should like to buy the horse ; and there was a long discussion going on by signs and gingling of money, as to the payment. At last they became so serious in the business, that they stopped a man in the road to make him decide as to the price. But, as is usual in such cases, there was a great variety of opinion as to the value of the animal. The Italian would only offer a small sum, and the Tyrol peasant was equally determined not to be contented with it ; and it ended in the peasant unfastening his horse at the top of the pass, and turning back, the Italian debating till the very last moment, and casting a lingering look behind, as if repenting his stinginess.

Before, however, we reached this summit of the pass, we had enjoyed some of the very grandest scenery which is to be met with either in the Tyrol, Italy, or even Switzerland. The Ampezzo Pass is not exactly a mountain pass. The road ascends, but so

slowly and gradually, that you are scarcely aware of it; and it does not wind in and out, up the side of a hill, in zigzags, but goes straight on through a valley, with the huge cliffs which I have before described on each side.

The height and colour of these cliffs towards the end of the pass is something more beautiful than any words can hope to describe. We saw them at a particularly fortunate moment, when the sun was setting gorgeously at the close of a bright autumn day. The cliffs were for the most part black, red, and yellow. The black really black, like pitch; the yellow rather pale; and the red — which appeared in parts — a deep, but bright brick colour. The giant rocks were pointed, like the edges of a saw; and behind them rose the still higher summits of sharp snow-covered mountains, steeped in that singular, soft, rich golden hue, which it seems that nothing but the snow and the sunset can ever give.

Near the summit of the pass are the ruins of a grand old castle, which in former days served to defend this entrance into the Tyrol. It was here that the peasant and his horse took their leave of us; and after crossing a bridge over a little river called the Boîte, which falls into the Adige, we began to descend. Down we went, on and on, the road winding backwards and forwards along the side of a cliff, and giving us glimpses of a long distant valley, edged by the black cliffs, and looking like the dark pictures of a night scene. How far off Cortina d'Ampezzo then was, no one seemed able to tell — perhaps it was as well not to know, for the length of time which it took to reach it was very tantalising. The beauty of the scenery was over, and night was coming on. We

had entered a dreary tract of country, open and wild, like the sides of a mountain; no trees, and the ground cultivated in patches. Then were seen a few houses in the distance, but they were not Cortina — then a few by the road-side; but we drove past them. I tried not to think about the place at all, but that was a very useless attempt; and at last, when we were all weary with expectation, we did stop before a small inn, having no great appearance of comfort. It was decidedly Italian, however; and if no one else was happy, our new voiturier at least was contented.

My bed-room was peculiarly dreary: there was actually nothing in it but two beds when I was shown into it; but, by the help of the lady's maid, it was soon arranged more comfortably; and, after a little fuss, a fire was lighted in a stove in one of the bed-rooms, which joined a passage-room in which we sat; and the back part being taken out for the purpose of heating it, was afterwards left open like a fireplace. Round this we gathered, thinking ourselves very fortunate to have anything so warm and cheerful-looking. Soon after tea, I went to bed; and though the bed was made of straw, and, like the country we had been passing through, was full of astonishing hills and valleys, I contrived to sink into one of the valleys, and slept soundly.

CHAP. X.

THOUGH Cortina d'Ampezzo seemed a dreary, dull, place when we arrived there at night, it was much more interesting by daylight, for the cliffs around are

very grand. We left it about eight o'clock in the morning, and had a most exquisitely lovely drive afterwards; perhaps, upon the whole, the most beautiful of all which we enjoyed whilst abroad. Mountains tipped with snow, and hills covered with wood, were scattered, as it seemed, all around us; huge crags, of a yellowish colour, rose up amongst them, interspersed with deep ravines; and villages, churches, and old castles, were dotted about under the cliffs, and on projecting banks; and amongst these the road wound in and out, giving us a new view at every turn.

Perhaps something of the charm consisted in the feeling that we were in Italy again, travelling towards the south, with the blue sky over our heads, and enjoying the deliciously warm climate in which we had so delighted at Como. Cortina, and two little villages beyond it, were in the Tyrol; but when they were passed, we were in the Austrian province of Venice. The language of the people was now entirely Italian; but their dress had still something of the Tyrol fashion about it, for men's hats were usually worn by the women; the gowns were made with a bodice of a different colour from the skirt, and necklaces of silver or coral, with a cross hanging from them, were very common.

We dined at a dirty inn, in a village called Perarollo, the situation of which was perfectly lovely. The dirt was a great contrast to the Tyrol, where every thing is beautifully neat, however poor it may be; but the dinner was better dressed than it would have been in a country village of the same size in the Tyrol. The Italians have a custom of putting scraped cheese in their soup, of a kind which in England is very ex-

pensive, but which one finds at the most remote places in Italy.

The weather became cold before we left Perarollo, and we walked along the banks of the little river Piave, before the carriages were ready, trying to get warm by exercise; and talking, I remember, of England and English friends, and forgetting Italy and its pleasures as our thoughts wandered back to our own country and those dear to us.

Where our resting place for the night would be when we left Perarollo was a matter of uncertainty to us all. The voituriers talked of a place called Capo di Ponte, and said we might sleep there; but it was not mentioned in the map, and some of us had been consulting the guide book, and nothing about Capo di Ponte could we find there except the name; no account of a village or an hotel. The road led between a cliff on one side, the river on the other, and we had nothing to do but to follow it. There was no fear of making a mistake, for it was the only way by which a carriage could pass. By-and-by the valley opened a little more; the cliffs stood farther off, the river spread itself wider, a pretty little town appeared, with a bridge across the river; but it was not Capo di Ponte, and the time was early in the afternoon. If we stopped there we might have too long a journey the next day, so we passed Longarone, and on we went in search of Capo di Ponte. By this time we had travelled from the mountains and reached a more open, and a far less interesting, country. No village was in sight, and how far we might have to go was quite doubtful. For my own part, I began to have some suspicion whether any such place as Capo di Ponte existed; but a peasant whom we stopped in the road set our minds at rest on that point.

and we proceeded more hopefully, and at last reached a straggling little village, only remarkable for a long wooden bridge over the Piave, from which I suppose its name of Capo di Ponte, or Bridge Head, is derived.

The inn at which we stopped was crowded with Italian peasants, not of the most respectable looking kind. The arrival of our two carriages caused great commotion. Out rushed the landlady, a black-haired waiter, and several other persons, all eager to help us, and most especially desirous of assuring us that we could find accommodation for the night. We had no choice, and indeed were only too glad to find that, after all our doubts, Capo di Ponte was an actual town, and not, as we had feared, merely the turn of a road, or a place where two roads met. We passed by the rough men who were standing about the entrance, and were shown up stairs into a small room with a large bed in it. This was to be our sitting-room; a fire was lighted, a table placed by the bedside, the chambermaid was called, and other rooms provided for the rest of the party; and, whilst supper was preparing, two or three of us wandered out to the shore of the river, and scrambled over rough stones, and climbed up banks, and managed to spend about half an hour to very little purpose, except that of giving ourselves exercise, and then went back to the inn.

We found our little black-looking waiter in the height of excitement and delight. Whether he had ever before been called upon to attend to so large a party of English strangers I very much question; but he was certainly resolved to exert his talents that night to the utmost. He skipped in and out of the room perpetually, spreading the square table with a cloth,

which he puckered into ornamental figures ; and placing upon it some glass bottles, into which he put green leaves for stoppers. We were afraid of depending entirely upon the chance of tea in such an out-of-the-way place, and had therefore ordered fish, soup, and an omelette, all of which were placed upon the table with a look that evidently meant, "Is it possible that any thing could be better?" We sat down to supper, but the fish was not good, and the waiter skipped away with it. The soup and the omelette did very well, but at last some one suggested whether it would be possible to have some honey. We inquired for it, but our poor little waiter was much perplexed: his Italian and ours did not suit, and he could not comprehend. He looked at us with the most ludicrous face of anxiety, and we repeated the word. Then he caught it, and in an instant he was gone, nearly knocking down the landlady, who stood behind him, in his eagerness to inquire for what I suspect he quite well knew was not in the house.

Supper being over, we soon afterwards went to our bed-rooms, where we found everything very comfortable. Even if it had not been we could scarcely have complained, the people were so exceedingly anxious to oblige us; the chambermaid saying to me that she hoped I should find the bed as I liked, but they had not been accustomed to wait upon ladies.

Our friend the waiter continued his polite attentions to us the next morning, rather, indeed, before we were prepared for them; for he rushed into my room before I had left it, made a grimace and an apology, hurried to a closet, caught up some glasses which were wanted, and was gone almost before I had time to laugh. He followed us to the carriage of course; but not contented

with that, he persisted in accompanying us across the bridge, and there, unfortunately, we were obliged to part. I have since wished that the town and the inn were mentioned in the guide book for the convenience of future travellers. Poor though the place was, there are many times when persons might be most thankful for the attention and the accommodation we found there.

We were now completely in the midst of Italian scenery. There were the straight level roads, the soft rounded hills, the trees and vineyards which we had seen at Como and Lake Maggiore. Even the blue waters were not wanting, for as we drove along or walked slowly up the hills, enjoying the warmth, and the beauty of the view, we passed two little lakes—the Lake of Santa Croce or St. Cross, and the Lago Morto or Dead Lake. The latter was a most singular little sheet of water—just like its name—so still that it might well have been termed dead; and shut in by steep cliffs.

Sarravalle was the first large town which we reached, but it was too early to stop there, though we could have found infinite amusement in the streets. It was market day, and the curious dresses of the people, the painted houses, the arcades, the quantity of fruit stalls, and the perpetual chattering, made a most amusing mixture of gaiety, bustle, and business.

We dined at Conegliano, a particularly interesting place—indeed, there is a great deal of interest in all these towns in Northern Italy. They were subject to powerful lords in ancient days, and the remains of grandeur are still to be traced in them. Conegliano is divided into two parts—a lower town and an upper. The upper town is shut in by walls, and contains the

cathedral and a castle. The hotel was in the lower part, in a street built with arcades, such as are common in Italy, and which serve somewhat the same purpose as shops, since they are generally crowded with fruit stalls. Whilst dinner was preparing, we wandered up the hill to the upper town. It is an ordinary practice in Italy to paint the outside walls of houses, and the houses at Conegliano still retained traces of fine pictures by a celebrated artist, besides being beautifully ornamented with carved stonework. The streets were narrow, and built with arcades, like those below. We separated as we were walking about, one of my friends stayed behind and began to sketch a very beautiful old house, and I and another of the party went on further. A large court-yard attracted our notice. It bore signs of having been once very handsome, though it was now filled with tubs and casks. The gates were open, and we entered. Within was another court, having a pretty covered gallery round it, and in the corner several broken stone statues. A flight of steps led from the outer court, we supposed to some upper rooms and the gallery, but we were half afraid to explore any farther. At length, however, seeing no one near, I grew rather bolder, and up the stairs I went; and the next minute summoned my friend to follow me. The stairs led through a passage, the floor of which was marble, to a large handsome room, hung with tattered paintings of men in armour, princes, and nobles. Their titles were written beneath, but they did not belong to any of the great kings and princes of Europe whose names we were acquainted with, and we were completely puzzled. They must have been, doubtless, powerful in their day; but these torn and faded pictures hung unthought of

and uncared for, in what we saw at once must have been their ancient palace. The place was so utterly neglected, so heaped up with dirt and rubbish, that we could not make our way even to those parts of the palace which were open, except into one small room with a painted ceiling. We were afterwards told by a man whom we saw standing in the court, that the palace was the property of an Italian nobleman, the Count of Mont Alba. The pictures were probably the portraits of his ancestors; but it appeared strange that they should be permitted to remain so neglected.

The traces of deserted grandeur were to be seen also on the road to Treviso, the place at which we slept after leaving Conegliano;—handsome houses standing by the roadside, empty and decaying, which gave one a sad feeling, as if the country must once have been so much more prosperous than it is now. There were scarcely any gardens about them, and they were quite exposed to the view of the passers by. The road was in other respects very much the same as those we had travelled in Italy before, being straight, and with no remarkable objects to attract attention.

Treviso is a large town, containing more than 18,000 inhabitants, and possessing flourishing manufactures of cloth and paper. It is, besides, the chief city of the province, and the residence of a bishop, so that it is quite an important place, and we looked at it with some excitement and curiosity, as we drove through the streets. It was too late, however, to form any good idea of it, and we could only see that there were many narrow streets, and arcades, and an appearance of a good deal of bustle. The hotel was only tolerable; the rooms were large but dirty. We had, if I remember rightly, carpets in our bed room. They are

more common in Italy than in Switzerland or the Tyrol, but I would rather be without them; they are always dingy and dirty looking, as if they were never swept or shaken.

We had intended to leave Treviso early the next morning, but when we met at breakfast, and looked out of the windows of the salon into the square, we decided that we must stay and see something more of the strange old place, and the amusing people. It was market day and the town was crowded, and the bustle of buying and selling going on all around. Breakfast was no sooner over than we went out, intending to see the cathedral and some famous pictures, but the market place was a great temptation to us, and we could scarcely make up our minds to leave it. Macaroni, fruit, fish, flowers, shoes and boots, both old and new, birds, bread, coloured cloth, and handkerchiefs, were all to be seen in one great medley. The numbers of men and women were, I think, about equal. The women usually wore large straw hats, but their dress was otherwise less peculiar than in Switzerland or the Tyrol. Boiling chestnuts seemed a flourishing and favourite business. The chestnuts were put into pots set over little pans of charcoal, and really looked very nice as they were brought out hot and steaming. Large slices from hot cakes made of Indian corn, were sold in the same way; these puzzled me very much at first, for I thought they were melons, and I could not understand how they were dressed. The long arcades in the streets are great ornaments to the town, but the principal amusement on that day was to be found in the square, and some of the party were so charmed with the scene, that we could not get them away from it; but they

declared it would be quite necessary to stay, and sketch some of the market figures. The rest of us went to the cathedral. It is a handsome building, with five domes, and contains some good pictures. Another church, San Nicolo, or Nicholas, which was ugly on the outside, but rather fine in the interior, was built of brick. This is not at all an uncommon material for churches in the North of Italy. One would scarcely fancy that it could look well, yet in the old buildings it is so beautifully worked and moulded, that it is almost as handsome as stone. In the church of San Nicolo, I observed, I think for the first time, what I afterwards found was a common custom in Italy. The great pillars in the aisle were half covered with crimson cloth; the brightness of the colour was striking, but if a church is really handsome, I should prefer leaving the plain stone pillars without additional ornaments. Seeing these churches, and looking into the shops, and wandering about the square, and searching after a fine picture, which we were told was to be seen in the town, but which we found had been sent to Venice to be cleaned, occupied us till the middle of the day, when we went back to the hotel to dinner.

This hotel was really the worst thing about Treviso; the salon in which we dined was a dark, uncomfortable room, quite unlike what one had a right to expect at a large hotel, and when the bill was brought after dinner, the sum was so high as to be quite absurd. A complaint was made, and the only excuse the landlord could make was that he had charged more because it was market day!

CHAP. XI.

WE were not sorry to leave Treviso, in spite of the amusement we had found there, for we were now on our road to Venice, within the distance of an afternoon's drive. From the moment of leaving England, Venice had been uppermost in all our thoughts, as the place we most longed to see; whenever any thing had pleased us, we had always said, that delightful though it was, Venice must be still more. Half the charm of the place, however, consists in its history; therefore, before I tell you any thing of our entrance into the city, I must give you a short account of its foundation and government.

Venice is said to have been founded about 450 years after the birth of our blessed Saviour. At that time the vast Roman Empire, which included the greater part of the known world, was falling to decay. Italy was overrun by barbarians, and the inhabitants of the northern provinces, being alarmed at the invasion of Attila, king of the Huns, fled for safety to a number of small islands on the coast of the Adriatic Sea. These islands were protected against the open sea by long slips of land; whilst between them and the mainland was a bed of soft mud, now termed the Lagoon, covered with about two feet of water. The islands are supposed to have been formed by the deposits of earth, rock, &c., brought down from the distant mountains by a great number of rivers,—the Adige, the Po, the Piave, the Brenta, and several others, which fall into the Adriatic Sea about this spot. From their situation the islands were difficult of approach; very small boats might pass over the shallow water of the

Lagune, but other vessels were obliged to make their way by the channels of the rivers, or by canals, which were, by degrees, dug in the Lagune for the purpose of giving entrance to the city. From the sea, also, it was equally difficult to reach Venice. The long slips of land, one of which is now known as the Lido, were like a wall before the city, and the channels between them were narrow and intricate. The people, therefore, who fled to these islands found themselves secure from invasion, and, being left in peace, they began to build houses, and occupy themselves in improvements. As years went on, a regular city grew up, first occupying one island, then another, and another, the communication between them being formed by canals and bridges, instead of streets and roads. Thus, at last, Venice became a powerful city, and the inhabitants, not contented with their own possession, acquired territories on the mainland, and became the lords of Padua, Verona, Vicenza, and indeed of all the great towns in the north-east of Italy, together with many on the opposite coast of the Adriatic Sea. They were also able to carry on considerable wars, especially with the Turks, who after taking possession of Turkey, about the year 1453, tried to conquer other parts of the South of Europe. But the great prosperity of Venice was owing to its situation and its commerce. It was conveniently situated for persons trading between Asia and Europe, and ships from all lands were accustomed to resort there. This made the inhabitants wealthy; but about the time of our Henry VII., the Portuguese, who were then famous for their navy, and their discoveries by sea, found out that it was easier to reach India, and the East, by sailing round the Cape of Good Hope, than by taking a long land journey; and from

that time the prosperity of Venice began to decrease. The ships which were accustomed to resort thither took a different course, Venice ceased to be the great resting place between the East and the West, and the wealth and power of the city fell to decay.

Venice was as peculiar in its government, as in its position. It was a Republic, that is, it was not subject to a king. All the authority was placed in the hands of the chief persons or nobles, who met together in a council of state. One amongst these nobles was chosen to be the head, and was called the doge, or duke. This was the general form of the government whilst Venice remained independent, though certain alterations were made from time to time. In the early days Venice appears to have been justly and wisely ruled, and during that period the prosperity of the Venetians gradually increased; but the history of the country in later years is full of instances of the most terrible cruelty and deceit.

The first great change in the government took place about the year 1325. Then, in consequence of a conspiracy amongst the nobles, a council of ten persons was appointed, who were to have supreme power. Any individual suspected by them might be taken prisoner, examined secretly, and condemned,—whether justly or unjustly,—and no one could venture to interpose. In some cases the person accused was not even allowed to speak in his own defence, and never saw or heard the witnesses brought forward against him.

All persons, even the Doge himself, were subject to this court, and might be degraded and put to death at its will. Not content with this sovereign authority, the Council of Ten by degrees assumed to itself the power of making war or peace, forming treaties with

foreign countries, and in fact managing all the business of the State.

The Council of Ten had existed for about a hundred years, when finding it rather difficult to assemble sufficiently quickly, as often as the affairs of the country required it, they induced the nobles and the Doge to consent to another change in the government, by which three of their members, forming a council called the Inquisition of State, were to be entrusted with as much, or even greater authority, than the Council of Ten.

The rules of the Inquisition of State, written out by one of its members, were discovered not very long since, and are found to be so cruel and treacherous that one can scarcely imagine how any state could have endured such a tyranny for a single year. The copy of the rules was placed in a casket, the key of which was kept by each of the magistrates in turn, for the great object of the Inquisition of State was that all its laws and proceedings should be secret.

The inquisitors appeared as private persons, and were never allowed to betray that they belonged to the Council, so that they were able to act as spies over all that went on; and no one in Venice could tell whether the person who pretended to be his dearest friend might not belong to this terrible court, and be about to betray him. Hired spies were also employed from all classes; mechanics, citizens, nobles, priests, —all were employed in this disgraceful way. If a foreign ambassador came to Venice, some person in attendance upon him was offered a certain sum every month, on condition that he should give information whether his master had any secret intercourse with the Venetian nobles; this being a point which the



Inquisition of State particular dreaded, for, of course, if the nobles had joined with any other power, they might soon have put an end to the tyranny of the Council. Spies were also often placed in the houses next to the ambassadors, and their expenses were paid by the Court. This treachery was carried so far, that the spies were even ordered to tempt the nobles who were appointed to any high office, by offering them bribes, as if from a foreign ambassador. If they accepted them, they were instantly betrayed and punished. A noble, guilty of speaking carelessly against the government, was twice reprovèd; the third time he was forbidden to appear in the public streets, or the Council, for two years; and if after that period he was again guilty of the offence, he was carried away and drowned. Drowning, in fact, was the easy way in which the inquisitors got rid of all suspicious persons. Secret poisoning and stabbing were also often made use of for the same purpose.

Very many other instances of the detestable character of the Venetian Government might be given, but these will be sufficient to afford some idea of its nature; and although as its power decreased its cruelty lessened, no one can feel any real regret for its total downfall. This took place about the year 1796, in the time of the French Revolution. The French then invaded Italy, under Napoleon Buonaparte, afterwards Emperor of France. The Venetians were no longer powerful; their trade was gone, their dominion had been taken from them, the nobles were weak and luxurious; and although if they had collected their ships, and made a stand against the French power, they might have resisted it for a long time, scarcely any one had the spirit to propose a defence.

When the Doge Manini was told that the French were preparing to besiege Venice, and that the Venetian Admiral was ready to resist them, and only waiting for orders, he, turning pale, staggered through the chamber, and faltered out, "This very night we are by no means sure of sleeping securely in our beds."

The few nobles who did urge resistance were called rash, headstrong, and ignorant. By the consent of almost the whole of the Great Council, Venice submitted to the French, and the ancient government ceased to exist. An arrangement was then made between the French and the Emperor of Austria, by which Venice was given up to the Emperor, and it has ever since remained subject to him.

The Venetians believed themselves to be under the peculiar protection of the Evangelist St. Mark, in consequence, it is said, of having, about the year 827, obtained possession of the body of the saint, who was originally buried at Alexandria, in Egypt. The four Evangelists are commonly represented by some figure or emblem; that of St. Mark is a winged lion, and this is still to be seen in every part of Venice, and in many of the other cities subject to her dominion.

The pomp and splendour of the city of Venice, in its prosperous days, must have been almost unequalled, for the inhabitants were proud and luxurious, and delighted on all occasions to show their wealth and influence. But their chief strength was in their navy, and the sea was looked upon as their own peculiar inheritance. A singular yearly custom referring to this idea prevailed amongst them, called the Marriage of the Adriatic. It had its origin from the following circumstances.

About the year 1177 the Pope, or Bishop of Rome, Alexander the Third, being attacked by the German Emperor, Frederick Barbarossa, who wished to place another pope in his stead, fled for safety to Venice. He was kindly and respectfully received by the Doge Ziani and the Venetians, and preparations were quickly made for supporting his cause. A fleet was collected under the command of the Doge, and a battle fought between the Germans and the Venetians, in which the Emperor's forces were defeated, and his son was taken prisoner.

On the return of the conquerors, Pope Alexander hastened to receive the Doge, and to express his gratitude; and as soon as Ziani touched the land he presented to him a ring of gold, saying, "Take this ring, and with it take, on my authority, the sea as your subject. Every year, on the return of this happy day, you and your successors shall make known to all posterity, that the right of conquest has placed the Adriatic under the dominion of Venice, as a wife is subject to her husband."

As it was then the common opinion that the popes had the power of giving or taking away earthly dominion, this grant was remembered by the Venetians, with great pride. For more than six hundred years afterwards, on the Festival of the Ascension, the Doge and some of the chief nobles were accustomed, after attending service at the Church of St. Nicholas, to embark on board a splendid ship, called the Bucentaur, blazing with gold and ornaments, and amid shouts of rejoicing and triumphant music, to sail to the Lido near the mouth of the harbour, where the Doge dropped a golden ring into the water, repeating the

following words, "We wed thee with this ring, in token of our true and perpetual sovereignty."

Perhaps after hearing this singular history you will be able a little to understand the eagerness with which we looked forward to our first view of Venice.

There was but one drawback, we were to enter it by a railway, a style of travelling which the ancient doges and senators could never have imagined possible. It was no doubt a very curious railway, resting upon an immense number of arches, built upon the lagunes or sands between the city and the mainland. No doubt, also, it might be more convenient for the inhabitants than the boats of former days, but Venice had always been to our minds a city in the sea, which no one could approach except by the sea, and the prospect of entering by a railway was, to say the least, very disappointing. However, the plan had been formed according to what was considered the best arrangement, and we tried to forget the railway, and think only of Venice itself.

We had a rather dull drive from Treviso, and when we reached Mestre, a long straggling country town, close to the narrow channel of the sea that separates Venice from the mainland, we drove quickly through it to the railway station. But we were very early, at least an hour and a half too early; what could we do with ourselves all that time at a railway station? A long discussion followed. I was in the second carriage, taking no part in it, but waiting till others had decided for me, when, to my great delight, I heard that some one, — Daval, I think, — had suggested that we should all go back to Mestre, and, taking a boat from thence, enter Venice, in the fashion of ancient days, by water.

No one, of course, objected; in fact I suspect we all rather wondered why we had ever thought of doing any thing else; so the horses' heads were turned from the railway station, and in a very few minutes we were standing by the water-side on the quay at Mestre.

I had then my first sight of a gondola. It is a long, narrow boat, coming almost to a point at each end, and finished off with what is called a beak, a thin curved piece of steel in the front, and a more spreading piece behind. Over the middle of the boat is a wooden covering or awning, painted black; and underneath this are low seats and soft cushions, upon which two people can sit very comfortably, and four even can find room if it is necessary. The awning is entered by a door, and there are windows at the sides, so that the persons within can observe everything which is passing, whilst they are scarcely at all seen themselves. The awnings are, however, so small, that when there is a large party, or if the weather is very fine, it is more agreeable to have it taken quite away, which can easily be managed. One man, termed a gondolier, usually guides the boat, standing upon the edge, and bending forward upon one oar; but if the boat is heavy, another assists, by urging it onward from behind.

Two of these gondolas without the awnings were now hired to carry us to Venice. We placed ourselves in one, and the luggage was stowed away in the other; but it was a work of considerable difficulty. As soon as it was known that we were going to embark, the quay was crowded with porters and beggars, and, having no great opinion of Italian honesty, we were obliged to watch carefully lest some box or bag might

be carried off in the confusion. At length, however, we were considered ready, the gondolas were pushed off, and we floated down a narrow channel between low flat banks, without a tree, a fence, or a house to be seen. There was not the least beauty ; yet it was very pleasant: all was so new, and bewildering, like the scenes which come before one in dreams. The narrow channels, and the flat banks, continued for a considerable distance ; it was growing dark, and clouds were gathering in the sky threatening a thunderstorm. We glided on till we approached an Austrian government vessel, by the side of which we waited whilst our passports were given up and examined, the dark form of the vessel being all that we could see, except the figures of a few soldiers on the deck, shown by the light of some dim candles. The examination seemed as if it would never end ; but we were dismissed at last, and again we floated on, away from the narrow banks, and across a broad channel, which is, in truth, a part of the Adriatic. Just then a flash of lightning burst from the clouds, and before us, rising out of the water, we perceived a line of dark, tall buildings, whilst a few minutes afterwards the sound of bells, with a slow and heavy toll, came softly over the sea. It was our first idea of Venice.

The flashes of lightning now became more frequent, —buildings were seen for a moment brilliantly, and then were lost in shadow ; but we drew nearer and nearer to the houses just in front of us, and, turning a corner, found ourselves in a street of water.

The houses on each side were built of brick, and were tall and irregular ; and in this first canal, there was sufficient space for a walking path between them and the water ; but as we entered narrower canals, *the walls* of the buildings came close to the water's



edge, and doors opened from the houses directly upon it. There were no sounds of merriment—no signs of life in the houses; only a ghostly gondola floated past us occasionally, giving notice of its approach by the light fastened to the awning, and showing us for a moment the carving and ornament of some once splendid house; and then passing noiselessly away, and leaving us again to the increasing darkness.

But the gondolas left the narrow canals and crossed one which was much broader, more winding, and better lighted. This I knew at once. There was a wide covered bridge over it formed of a single broad arch, which I had seen again and again in pictures. The canal was the largest in Venice—the Grand Canal: the bridge was one generally known as the Rialto. There was no need to ask the gondoliers whether we were right: the scene was so exactly like the pictures that it was impossible to mistake it.

It was but the glimpse of a moment however; the gondolas glided on, and again we were in the smaller canals with the tall houses rising on each side of us.

We came at length into one singularly narrow and gloomy. I could see by the dim light which was still lingering in the sky, that it was shut in by two large buildings; one lofty and richly ornamented, the other lower and perfectly plain. Before us was a high covered bridge across the canal, connecting the two buildings. "The Bridge of Sighs!" we all exclaimed, and a feeling of awe came over us, for the name was most fitly given.

It was the bridge leading from the ducal palace to the prisons; and in the days of the old Venetian power, the unhappy prisoners who were accused (often unjustly) of offences against the government, after

being tried before the judges in the palace, were taken over the closed bridge, so that no one might know their fate, and thrown into the dungeons of the prison on the opposite side, from which few ever were again set free.

We were all silent as we passed beneath the high arch. The feelings excited were oppressive, and they were scarcely lessened when the gondola turned sharply round the corner of the Palace, and we came once more into the Grand Canal, and in sight of the sparkling lamps and the exquisitely beautiful arcades of the Grand Square of Venice, or the Piazzetta of St. Mark.

The contrast was so great as to be painful. It was as if one had been taken suddenly from some poor cottage, full of sorrow, to a palace where all was thoughtlessness and merriment. The Piazzetta is in front of the Ducal Palace, and thus, in all times, the greatest gaiety and the most terrible suffering have, in Venice, lived, as it were, side by side.

A little beyond the Prison and the Bridge of Sighs we once more turned into a narrow canal, and directly afterwards the gondola stopped in front of an archway, with steps leading down to the water side. This was the entrance to Danielli's Hotel, which we had been told was one of the best in Venice. But now came a considerable perplexity. We expected to meet at Venice a gentleman, a friend of Lady H——, who had been asked to order rooms for us at an hotel which we had named. But finding from the gondoliers that this hotel had lately been given up, we were obliged to choose another. We had also agreed that this gentleman should join us at the railway station, but as we had entered Venice by water, we had missed *each other*. This would not have signified if we had *been able to keep to our first arrangement as to th*

hotel at which we were to take up our abode ; but as it was this gentleman might wander half over Venice trying to find out where we were without succeeding.

The master of the hotel came forward to satisfy our minds, and assured us that some person in attendance upon an English gentleman had been there, and ordered rooms for a party travelling from Innsbruck : he had no doubt that the order was sent by our friend. But we had considerable doubt upon the subject, especially when we were shown up stairs into some uncomfortable rooms with scarcely any view from them. We felt sure these were not such as would have been chosen for us. We could, however, do nothing more that night, except despatch a messenger to the railway station, with orders to find out an English gentleman who would be waiting there, and give him a note, telling him where we all were. As the order was given I could not help fearing in my own mind that the note never would reach the person for whom it was intended, for to send an Italian to seek for an unknown Englishman at a railway station was as difficult a command as I could well imagine. The messenger having departed we went to our rooms, and began to unpack our carpet bags, and prepare for tea. The only remarkable thing in my bedroom, besides its gloominess, was that the bed was entirely shut in by thin muslin curtains, called musquito curtains. They are used to protect persons from the sting of the musquito, a most troublesome kind of gnat, very common in hot countries.

When tea was ready we went to the salon, a long, large room, not particularly comfortable. We had nearly finished, and were talking over our misadventure, and what we should do the next day if our

friend did not arrive, when the door opened and he walked in. The satisfaction of the whole party was extreme, for all our difficulties were now at an end. The first thing we were told was, that he had never thought of placing us where we were, but had engaged much better rooms for us at the Imperatore, or Emperor's Hotel, on the Grand Canal, and that a gondola was even then waiting to convey us thither. We were sent back to our rooms to pack our carpet bags again, and orders were given to carry all the luggage down stairs. This was not to be done in a moment, with the quantity of boxes and trunks which we were obliged to carry about for so large a party ; and whilst the porter and the lady's maid were rushing backwards and forwards, and the landlord was being paid his bill, and every one was busied, taking care that nothing should be forgotten, our friend produced a packet of English letters, which he had brought for us from the Post Office. I took mine and read it in the midst of the confusion with a most bewildering feeling. It contained news sudden and sad ; not indeed of any near relation, but of the death of a friend for whom I had a true regard, and most deep respect, and it carried me away in thought very far from Venice, to a scene of such grief, that it seemed wrong to think again that night of any thing approaching to enjoyment. I shall never forget the feelings which weighed upon me as we once more glided in a gondola down the Grand Canal. The exceeding dreaminess and beauty of the scene, the brilliant piazza, the tall buildings, the lights in the windows reflected in the water, with the quietness of the great city, the strangeness of finding myself at last in Venice, and the oppressive sense of the new, deep, sadness which I felt *was in the world*.

But the gondola stopped again before a flight of broad steps. We entered a large court surrounded by pillars, a fountain in the middle, another flight of steps at the further end. A side staircase led us to the upper apartments. We passed through a large outer room, an antechamber, and entered another still more handsome; very high, with a painted ceiling and walls, a floor made to represent marble, sofas and chairs covered with crimson and white damask.

It was a palace to appearance, and it had once been a palace in reality. But Venetian palaces, like Venetian power, have now passed away. It was but the Hotel of the Imperatore; yet I could not divest myself of the impression of its grandeur; and I went to my room, an apartment furnished in the same style as the salon, and leading through folding doors to others equally large, with the feeling that I had been suddenly transported into one of those magic scenes of which in my childish days I used to read in the tales of fairy land.

CHAP. XII.

WHEN I look back upon all we saw and did at Venice, it seems almost hopeless to attempt to describe it properly. The great drawback to our enjoyment was the weather. The rain which had accompanied us through Switzerland followed us into Italy, and the day after our arrival at Venice was rainy. This, however, did not prevent us from going out; and soon after breakfast a gondola was ordered to take us about the city, just as in other places a carriage would be hired

for the same purpose. A number of these boats are always in readiness, crowded together like the stands of carriages which are seen in London, or in other large towns. They are very elegant in form, but heavy and gloomy, from the awning and the black covering. Private gondolas are more ornamented, but the colour is always the same. They are generally distinguished by the dress of the gondolier, who wears a kind of livery, a black velvet jacket with a red scarf round his waist.

Our first visit that morning was to the post office, which, like the Hotel of the Imperatore, was once a palace belonging to a noble family, some of whom were doges. It is the custom to call all the great houses belonging to the nobles of Venice, palaces; but it would be a mistake to think that they come up to our English ideas of a palace. They are large and handsome buildings, built very much alike, with three ornamented windows close together in the middle, and smaller ones at each side, and they generally have pretty carved balconies. At the entrance is a court, or hall, surrounded by pillars, with sets of high, fine rooms above, opening one into the other; but I imagine that many of our noblemen's houses in London, though they are not called palaces, are equally grand, perhaps even much more so. The beauty and taste of the ornaments form the principal charm of the Venetian palaces. There are a great many of these houses on the banks of the Grand Canal, which winds through the city in the shape of the letter S. In former days they must have had a splendid appearance; but it is very sad to see them now, dirty, and unpainted, and falling to ruin. It is this which must always, I should think, strike a stranger on first seeing

Venice by daylight. The buildings are so fast decaying, that in a few years it seems as if ancient Venice would almost cease to exist. And the decay is not like that of the old grey walls which we often see in England, caused by time, and softened by the ivy and creepers, which render it exquisitely beautiful: it is the decay of dirt and poverty. Persons in England sometimes see beautiful prints and pictures of Venice and imagine that they represent the place truly. And so they do, as far as regards the mere forms of the buildings; but they never describe the impression which the mouldering, dingy walls must give when seen for the first time. This of course was more striking to me in the morning than it had been in the evening; and at first it gave me a feeling of disappointment, but when I had become accustomed to the sight of very old Venice—such as it is now—I learnt to picture to myself what it must have been in the days when the palaces were kept up in splendour, and the canals were crowded with private gondolas, and ambassadors from all parts of the world came to beg the favour and protection of the City of the sea; and the present views became more like the outlines of a drawing which I could fill up for myself.

It is very necessary to know something of the history of Venice in order properly to enjoy it. We had all been reading an account of it during our journey from Innsbruck, and now the different palaces had a peculiar interest from the events connected with them. One nearly opposite to our hotel—the palace of the Foscari—recalled a most touching and miserable story. Francesco Foscari, Doge of Venice, about the year 1423, had four sons, three of whom died early. Jacopo, the survivor, his father's only comfort and support,

married a noble lady, and for four years enjoyed a peaceful and prosperous life; but at the end of that time he was accused of having received presents from a foreign prince, and being put to the torture, in the presence of the Doge, who was compelled to preside at the horrible examination, was induced to confess himself guilty, and, by the sentence of his father's lips, sent into exile.

Permission was granted him to live at Treviso, and there he remained, with his wife, for about five years, when a fresh charge was brought against him—that of being concerned in the murder of a chief of the Council of Ten. The proofs were not forthcoming; indeed every thing tended to show that he could have had no share in the crime; but he was sent for to Venice, again put to the torture, in his father's presence, and once more condemned to banishment,—this time more distant, for he was exiled to the island of Candia. The real murderer was afterwards discovered; but the fact made no difference in the fate of Jacopo Foscari: he was still ordered to remain at Candia, away from his father, his wife, and his children. The trial was greater than he could endure. In his intense longing once more to revisit his home, he committed an act contrary to the severe laws of Venice, and appealed to a foreign prince for help, entreating his intercession with the senate. This letter was purposely left open, in a place where it was likely to be discovered. It was conveyed to the Council of Ten, and Jacopo was a second time recalled to his native city.

In the presence of his judges he openly confessed the motive of his offence: his words were doubted, and he was put to the torture to induce him to retract

them. But he persisted in his assertion, and at length, perfectly exhausted, was carried to his father's apartments, bleeding and senseless. Sentence of exile was passed ; for it was the most cruel punishment which could be fixed upon. Before his departure one last interview was permitted with his family. The Doge, an old, infirm man, walking with the support of a crutch, entered the chamber. Jacopo entreated him to solicit mercy ; but the unfortunate father, hopeless of obtaining it, answered, " Go, Jacopo, submit to the will of your country, and seek nothing further ;" then, bidding his son a last farewell, he retired and fainted in the arms of his attendants. Jacopo reached Candia, but died soon after his arrival. His father, less happy, lived on. His trials were not yet ended. Loredano, one of the chiefs of the Council of Ten, having unjustly suspected the Doge of being concerned in the death of his father and his uncle, became his bitter enemy, and raised a party against him. By the command of the Council of Ten, his office of Doge was declared vacant, and he was commanded to quit the ducal palace within three days. He was then eighty-four years of age, and a short delay would have spared the necessity of so cruel an act. But this would not have satisfied Loredano. A sum of money was allowed for the support of Foscari ; which was all the mercy shown him. Five days after he was deposed his successor was chosen. The bell of the Campanile announced the event. The unfortunate Doge checked his feelings at the moment ; but the agitation of his mind was too great for a frame so weakened by age and sorrow. He burst a blood-vessel, and died within a few hours. It is said that when the event was told to Loredano, he took down a book in which an account

of his business transactions was kept, and turned to a blank leaf. On the opposite side was written, among his list of debtors, "Francesco Foscari, for the death of my father and my uncle." The blank leaf was now inscribed with the words, "He has paid me."

Perhaps you can imagine the interest with which we looked at the palace of the Foscari after reading this terrible story, — thinking that Jacopo and his father had once actually inhabited it.

The churches of Venice are generally considered the first objects to be visited, and, after settling our business at the post office, we rowed to the Santa Maria Formosa, a church near one of the small canals. It was a special festival day in honour of the Virgin Mary; service was going on, and the building crowded. The dresses of the priests were most splendid, and the church was very gaily decorated with flowers; but the music was quick and irreverent, and gave me no pleasure. The next church — San Giovanni e Paolo, or St. John and St. Paul — was grand and quiet, and contained several very fine monuments of the old Venetian Doges; but its principal treasure was a famous picture by Titian, — one of the most celebrated of the great painters of Italy. Indeed the churches of Venice, and of Italy generally, are crowded with pictures, for many of which persons in England would give thousands of pounds. From the church of St. John and St. Paul we proceeded to the Academy, a building which, like the gallery at Munich, is set apart for paintings and statues. It is of red brick, and very ugly in itself, but the pictures it contains are most wonderfully beautiful. By far the greater number were the work of persons who were either born at Venice or in some part of the Venetian dominions.

In these days, when there are very few fine painters, it seems astonishing that so many should have been found in one small State. They taught and helped each other, and their pictures are all something alike, and are remarkable for the brightness of the colouring; so that in going into a gallery of paintings, a person accustomed to observe them would fix at once upon those which are the work of Venetian artists.

We were not able to stay at the Academy long enough to examine all the pictures, and arranged therefore to pay it a visit another day. A good deal of business remained for that afternoon; the Piazza, or Great Square, was to be seen; and, a little shopping to be done,—amongst other articles a straw bonnet to be bought, if such a common thing could be found in Venice; and above all, we should have been ashamed to allow one day to pass without at least walking through the grand Cathedral, one of the most celebrated in the world.

“The Piazza,” was our first order to the gondolier, and we were accordingly carried a little way down the Grand Canal, and then allowed to land in front of a large open space, called the Piazzetta, with the Doge’s beautiful palace on one side, and some fine buildings, now used for the Emperor of Austria’s palace, on the other. Each of these palaces was ornamented with arcades, exquisitely carved; and in the front of the open space, near the water, were two very tall stone columns, having a figure of the lion of St. Mark on one, and that of a saint, called St. Theodore, on the other. The latter is represented standing on a crocodile. It is said that these columns were brought from Constantinople about the time of our Henry the Second, and when taken on

shore were found to be so heavy that no one could raise them. The Doge declared that whoever should succeed in doing so might ask any reward he chose. A native of Lombardy, by an ingenious contrivance, did cause the columns to be raised, and placed on their pedestals, and for his reward begged that it might be permitted to the Venetians to play games of chance in the space between the columns, though they were forbidden to do so elsewhere. The Doge could not well break his word, and the request was granted; but, in order to do away with the bad consequences, it was decreed that all the criminals who were sentenced to die in public should be executed between the columns.

The spot was immediately considered unlucky, and if a person only crossed it, it was supposed that his fate would be to be hung.

The front of the columns, however, seemed a favourite place, for I constantly saw men lying there asleep in the sun.

The Piazza, or Great Square, opens out of the Piazzetta. It is surrounded on three sides with arcades; whilst on the fourth is the splendid cathedral of St. Mark, before which stand three tall masts. From these masts three banners of silk and gold hung in former days, supposed to signify the dominions of the Venetians. At one corner of the square rises a very tall tower, the Campanile, or bell tower. It is extremely striking and beautiful, but not much ornamented. The lower part is now spoilt by an ugly kind of shed, or penthouse, which I felt sure the proud doges, and the Venetian senators, would never have allowed to remain a day.

The Piazza is the gayest place in Venice,—every

one goes there. There are shops underneath the arcades, and the pavement is constantly crowded with ladies and gentlemen, priests, German officers, English strangers, walking up and down, or sitting on benches, drinking coffee, reading, talking,—making themselves, in fact, quite at home; whilst men and boys carry about amongst them things for sale—trays of trinkets, soap, and perfumery, dried fruits, boiled and crusted with sugar, and stuck upon skewers; water in large cans, boxes and ornaments of pretty mother-of-pearl shells, numbers of which are found in the little islands around Venice. The dress of the people struck me less than might have been expected; but I had by this time become so accustomed to every variety of fashion, that nothing of that kind seemed to surprise me. I could not, however, fail to notice three Greeks, sitting smoking, with very long pipes, in a café, or public room. They wore red caps, flowing cloaks, fastened by a red girdle round the waist, and very loose trousers tightened with leather at the ankle. The best time for the Piazza is the evening, when it is lighted; and the sounds then are as amusing as the sight;—the sharp cries of the different sellers of water, fruits, shells, &c., mingling with the hum of voices in conversation, and the sounds of street music. A band often plays in the square; but the weather was not good whilst we were at Venice, and we were not fortunate enough to hear it.

The arcades are hung with curtains, which do not improve their appearance, being rather shabby. They are used for shelter to the shops when the sun is too powerful. We took our luncheon, of coffee and other refreshments, at a café, intending at five o'clock to go back to the hotel to dine at a table d'hôte, quite an

unusual event in Italy. This rather hurried us, and we had only time to go into a few shops, and just enter the great Cathedral for a few minutes.

It is certainly a most wonderful building, unlike any other which I had ever seen or heard of. Its foundation was laid in the year 977, but it was not finished for more than a hundred and thirty years afterwards. It is said to be more like an Eastern building than anything in Europe ; but on this point I can be no judge. Upon first entering it is so dark that one can scarcely understand it ; and at all times a great deal of the beauty of the ornaments must be lost from the want of light ; yet one can scarcely wish it to be otherwise, the building is so impressive in its solemn gloom. The richness of the materials of which it is composed are beyond all imagination. The walls are of a dark red marble ; and on the outside, in the principal front, there are 500 columns of precious coloured marble, all of the greatest value. The gates are of bronze and silver ; and the whole building, both on the outside front and in the interior, is covered with gilding, and patterns and figures formed in what is called Mosaic work, which looks like painting, but is in fact composed of excessively small particles of coloured marble joined together. The figures were drawn and executed by the most celebrated artists of different periods ; Titian himself having designed some, especially a figure of St. Mark in the entrance. It requires much time and knowledge to comprehend the beauty and value of the ornaments and paintings of this great church. As I said before, a great deal is lost to persons from the want of light, and a great deal more is quaint and strange, being the work of very ancient days ; whilst the brightness of the gilding is in parts

much faded. Yet St. Mark's suits admirably with Venice, for it has the same very old look. Happily it does not give one the same idea of falling to decay from neglect: and though the marble pavement is so worn with age, and the crowds of worshippers who have passed over it, that it is almost dangerous; and the gilding has in many places nearly disappeared; it is still a splendid building, loved and cared for, and impresses all who enter it with solemn reverence. This first glance was just sufficient to show us how much time it would require to see the whole, and we determined to return to it again the next day. That evening we could only take a little row in a gondola after dinner; passing the Piazza, and proceeding for a short distance beyond. The motion of a gondola is perfectly delightful, — so smooth and gliding, and noiseless. This part of Venice is never more striking than at night. The lamps in the square and the houses throw a bright light upon the beautiful masses of buildings, and the Campanile rises up like a pale ghost into the dark sky. I saw the Piazzetta and the Campanile from the water every evening whilst we were at Venice; yet the beauty of the scene seemed each time to increase, as if I had never before sufficiently admired it.

CHAP. XIII.

I WAS at St. Mark's soon after seven the next morning with one of my friends, examining the mosaics. Those on the outside are amongst the most modern, and the colours are therefore the brightest; and when

the sun shines upon them, and upon the rich gilding which forms the ground-work, the effect is most splendid. Four gilt bronze horses, brought from Constantinople very many years ago, are placed on the outside, over the centre porch. They were once taken away by the French, but happily have been restored again; for they could never have the same value in any other place, since they mark events belonging only to Venetian history.

It is difficult to examine and admire the mosaic figures in the roof of the interior of St. Mark's, for both the eyes and the neck are apt to ache after looking up for a very long time. This was my first visit to the Cathedral before breakfast, but it was by no means the last. Venice is a most charming place for persons who draw, and my friend being anxious to make a sketch of part of the Ducal palace, persuaded me to go with her at the same hour every morning, when we might be less liable to remark and interruption than in the middle of the day. I have a most happy remembrance of these early mornings at the Piazza. There were gondolas to be hired close to our hotel, and we had nothing to do but to stand upon the steps, make a sign to a gondolier, and in another minute we were floating along the canal, hidden from sight ourselves, but enjoying the exquisite beauty of the quiet city. My only regret was that the distance was not greater. On landing, our first business used to be to repair to a fruit-stall, under the arcade by the Doge's palace, where we purchased a store of figs for an early breakfast, and having eaten them, proceeded to business. My friend took her drawing-book, and stationed herself by a great pillar; and I sat down on a step of the cathedral with a book, or spent my time in the interior.

My friend had not such a quiet hour as myself. When I went to her every now and then to see how she was getting on, I used to find her surrounded by a tribe of little boys, and even men and women, very civil, but extremely curious to know what she was about. They were a considerable annoyance, but she bore it most patiently, and at last became almost accustomed to them.

After the first day, we engaged a gondola for our use all the time we were at Venice, which was a more convenient and less expensive arrangement than hiring one from place to place. The churches seem innumerable, and our second morning was given up to them. But it would be tedious to describe each separately. I did not admire them very much as a whole, though they are built of the most gorgeous materials, and highly ornamented. It always seemed to me as if the valuable marbles and mosaics were wasted. I saw one church, the Church of the Jesuits, which had a marble floor; walls, covered with verd antique, — a most rare kind of marble of a greenish colour, — and having patterns of flowers in other kinds of marble formed upon them; columns supporting the altar, of solid blocks of verd antique; and an altar of lapis lazuli, — a marble of the most brilliant blue colour. The pulpit appeared to be hung with curtains, but in fact it was marble made to represent curtains: even the tassels were marble: and yet, with all this splendour, the building gave me no pleasure. It was not beautiful in itself, and the ornaments were gaudy.

The monuments are more interesting than the buildings. In the Church of the Scalzi, the pride of Venice for its magnificence, the last Doge lies buried before the altar. He was a weak man, unfit to govern.

When told that the government was to be at an end, he submitted without resistance; and when called upon to take an oath of fidelity to the Austrian Emperor, he fell to the ground senseless.

A number of people came in to see the Jesuits' Church whilst we were there; they had just landed from an omnibus,—a gondola omnibus, for in Venice every kind of business is carried on by water. The letters of the post office are taken backwards and forwards in a gondola, visits are paid in gondolas; even the funerals are arranged in the same way: and a startling and solemn thing it is to see the dark boat, with the coffin and the priest on board, gliding, silently as the dead, through the narrow canals towards the island which is peculiarly set apart as the burying place of the city.

But when I say that every kind of business in Venice is carried on by water, you must not imagine that there are no streets. Half the interest of the place consists in the streets, of which there are a great number,—narrow, bustling, and confusing, in which no carriage is ever seen, and two persons can with difficulty walk abreast. I made a point of walking through them as we were visiting the churches, for I had my choice between them and the gondola. As to ladies going by themselves, it would have been out of the question; but accompanied by a gentleman, and with the help of a map, we contrived to find our way from one place to another without much difficulty. As Venice is built upon a number of small islands, separated by the canals, the streets are connected by bridges, which are so numerous that they meet one at every turn. The streets themselves are sometimes merely alleys between high walls; from which, perhaps, you turn into

one crowded with shops, and half blocked up with stalls, at which boys and women are selling fruit and boiling chestnuts. The shops themselves are very small, open, without windows, and in them the people sit, working at their different trades. After passing through a short street, you generally come to a bridge over a narrow canal, so high, that there are steps to go up and down; then may follow a wider space in front of a church, or perhaps giving room for a little attempt at a garden; and then you wander on again, and are lost in the maze of narrow lanes. I walked through these streets one night from our hotel to the Piazza in a pouring rain—an Italian rain, the drops being twice as large and twice as powerful as the drops of English rain. There were three or four of us in the party, but only one knew the way; and we hurried forwards, one behind the other, only caring to keep our leader in view, and sorely confused by the crush of dripping umbrellas, which crowded up the narrow way. At last the rain became actually a sheet of water, and we rushed on with the faint hope that we might reach the Piazza of St. Mark without being thoroughly drenched. When I found myself there and under shelter, I looked round to see by which corner I had entered. To my excessive surprise, we were exactly opposite to that which I expected. How we came there I could never understand. It seemed as if, in order to reach it, we must have followed the banks of the Grand Canal, whereas we had gone entirely away from it. If I had ever thought it possible before to walk about Venice without a guide, I should have been quite convinced then of the folly of the attempt. A more perplexing maze of bustling little alleys it is quite impossible to imagine.

The principal streets join the Piazza, and are known by the name of the Merceria, or Market. The entrance to them is through an archway with a tower over it, called the Clock Tower, from a very large painted and gilded clock in the centre ; above which are two immense figures of giants, or savages, who beat the number of the hours upon the bell, instead of the time being marked in the common way, by the striking of the clock. The whole of the Tower is very much ornamented, and looks extremely gay with its bright colours and gilding.

We often used to go into the Merceria, for the best shops are in that part of the town ; and even if one wanted nothing oneself, it was amusing to accompany others who were making purchases.

The articles I saw, which seemed most peculiar to Venice, were ornaments made of mother-of-pearl shells, such as bracelets, brooches, &c. ; and glass cups, vases, &c., worked in patterns, something like Bohemian glass, though not so rich. Gold chains are also very beautifully made there. Venice was once famous for a peculiar kind of medicine, called Venice treacle, which was supposed to do away with the bad effects of poison. It was made of a hundred ingredients, the chief of which was the pounded flesh of vipers. I cannot say that I saw any myself, but I have been told that it is still made and sold to the people of some of the countries of the East. One shop in the Merceria was full of articles brought from Turkey, made of a variety of colours mixed together without any pattern. Turkish dressing-gowns used to hang up in this shop, and purses, and bags, all of the same kind ; and we also met with some sweet-meats there, which Lady H—— told me she had fre-

quently seen at Malta, and which tasted like rich rose leaves. I was extravagant enough to buy some for a friend in England; not because they were very superior to English sweetmeats, but for the pleasure of giving something which had been made in Turkey and bought at Venice. This kind of feeling is a great temptation when one is abroad: there are so many persons to whom one longs to carry back a remembrance of the places visited.

Our evenings generally ended with a walk round the Piazza, and refreshments at a café; and part of our business then was to make a bargain with a man who kept a most inviting shop full of the shell ornaments which I before mentioned. These shell ornaments were just the things which suited us for presents, for they could not be procured in England; and the very first night of my walk round the Piazza, I discovered this shop, and set my affections upon some bracelets. But it is the custom throughout Italy for the shopkeepers to ask a great deal more for the articles they sell, than they are really worth; and it is just as much expected that you will offer a less sum, as it is in England that you will pay the money demanded. The price fixed for my bracelets was much more than I believed I ought to give, but not being accustomed to make a bargain, I put my business into the hands of a gentleman of our party who could speak Italian much better than I could, and understood more what he was about. After having made the offer of a certain sum, which was not accepted, we went away. The next night we walked again round the Piazza, and as we stopped for a minute before the shop, my friend said, "so many zwanzigers?" naming the sum I proposed to give. The man shook his

head, and exclaimed, "Impossible!" and on we went. The following night we returned once more, stopped, made our offer, and were again rejected. At last the man naturally seemed to expect us, and we nearly laughed in each other's faces as the scene was repeated. I think he would have been more willing to agree to our price if he had not had a fierce wife or sister, who was always urging him not to yield. Perhaps, too, he thought that having set my heart upon the bracelets, I was likely to buy them, whatever the price might be; and he was rather right, for the last night but one of our stay at Venice, I felt I had no more time to lose, and must not play at buying presents, but do so really; so we went in a body to the shop, and concluded the bargain. He took off something from the sum he asked, and I added something to that which I had offered, and thus between us we managed to come to a friendly agreement which satisfied us both; but an English shopkeeper would have been affronted if we had acted in the same manner with him.

I had an opportunity twice of seeing the interior of two old palaces, besides the hotel, which, as I mentioned, was once a palace. In one, the Manfrini Palace, there is a very beautiful collection of pictures, which are kept there for the pleasure of visitors, but for no other purpose. No one inhabits the palace now, though a descendant of the ancient family is still living. We walked through spacious rooms, the walls of which were covered with faded blue silk worked in flowers; but this was all that remained of its former magnificence, except the splendid pictures, shown merely for the sake of obtaining money from strangers. There was a garden belonging to the palace, the

largest I saw in Venice, cut into beds of a square formal pattern. At another palace, we found that the pictures had been bought lately by the Emperor of Russia, and carried to St. Petersburg. So it is that everything great and beautiful which once belonged to Venice is taken from it. A third palace which we visited for the sake of seeing two or three pictures, is inhabited in the winter by a gentleman and his daughter, descendants of the ancient noble family to whom it has for many years belonged. There was more furniture in it than in the Manfrini Palace, and the salon or drawing room was very handsome, with glass chandeliers or candlesticks, hanging from the ceiling, and pictures of the distinguished persons of the family adorning the walls; yet, on the whole, the appearance of the rooms was sadly decayed.

The Doge's palace, perhaps the most interesting thing in Venice, gives one the same melancholy feeling of past greatness. There is a great deal to be seen in it, and we went to it twice. The entrance is from the Piazzetta, through a beautifully ornamented archway, which leads into an open court, with fine buildings all round it, and a bronze fountain in the centre, from which women were drawing water, unconscious, apparently, that they were intruding into what had once been the resort of princes and nobles. A splendid flight of steps, inlaid with metal, called the Giant's Staircase, from two enormous figures of the heathen gods which stand at the top, conducts to an exquisitely carved open gallery, or arcade, carried along one side of the court about half way from the ground, and from this gallery another staircase gives entrance to the interior of the palace. In one of the first passages a hole in the wall is shown, into which written accusa-

tions were in former days put secretly. The persons thus accused were suddenly arrested, taken to prison, and afterwards tried, so that no one in Venice could at any moment feel secure of his liberty. This hole was covered with a lion's head, the hole forming the mouth, and it was known by the name of the Lion's Mouth.

In the interior of the palace only the pictures remain, which were, and indeed are still, the glory of the Venetians; but I think our principal interest was in going through the very rooms in which the different meetings and councils were held. Every thing tells of what once was the greatness of the State of Venice. The pictures in the grand halls are of an immense size, and represent triumphs of all kinds, not only in war, but under other circumstances,—princes, and nobles, and bishops, appealing to the doges and senators for pardon or protection. One picture describes an event which occurred at the time of the Holy War, undertaken to recover Jerusalem from the hands of the Saracens. The Venetians then promised to assist the other European armies; but, thinking more of increasing their own power than delivering the Holy City, they employed their troops principally in making war with the Christians, who possessed the country which is now called Turkey. The picture in the Doge's palace represents the siege of Constantinople, the capital of Turkey, the assault being led by Dandolo, a Venetian Doge, who was ninety years of age, and blind. The room which contains this picture is termed the hall of the Great Council. Around the walls are portraits of the Doges of Venice, from the first to the last. But as the eye passes from one to the other, it is stopped by observing in one corner, where a picture should be,

nothing but the painting of a black curtain with a Latin inscription, the meaning of which is, "Marino Faliero, beheaded for his crimes." It refers to a terrible history of a Doge of Venice—Marino Faliero, who being angry with the senators and the government, formed a plot to destroy them, which was discovered, and he was in consequence beheaded in his own palace.

It was natural to imagine, after hearing so much of the secret tyranny of the Venetian government, that the rooms in which the councils were held must be gloomy and awful; but this was by no means the case. The hall of the Council of Ten was a moderately-sized cheerful room; and that of the Inquisition of State, the members of which were the worst of all, was quite bright. The chamber in which the grand meeting of all the nobles, called the Senate, was held, gives a better idea of the old times than any other; for the seats, with the raised throne of the Doge at the upper end, are still placed as if in readiness for an assembly, and so probably they may stand for many years, empty and useless, till they are carried away as lumber, or crumble into dust, and the last relics of the authority of the old Venetian nobles will be gone.

Yet one can scarcely feel sad at the thought; it was a government so full of wickedness, and deceit, and selfishness. The downfall of such greatness might be regretted whilst passing through the deserted halls of the palace; but no one could for a moment wish to bring it back, after seeing the prisons. These were not shown to us till our second visit. The entrance formerly was by a staircase and door near the council rooms, so that the prisoners might at once be taken before their judges; but this door is now, I

think, closed. The present entrance is near the open gallery of the court, and we passed at once from the light of day into the darkness of a narrow stone passage; our guide lighting a torch, and leading the way. There was not space for two to go together, and we followed each other, between the thick cold walls, every now and then descending a flight of narrow steps, till we reached a small cell with a grating in the wall to give air from the passage. It was lined with wood, and contained a shelf for food, and space for a straw bed. Here, we were told, the prisoners were first brought to be examined. Other cells of the same kind, but darker, joined it; and I believe there is a range of cells still lower, which are perfectly dark. The cells, themselves, miserable though they were, did not give one such a feeling of despair as the long winding stone passages which led to them, and from which, one felt, there could be no escape. Even this, however, could be borne, if the government had been fair, and open, and honest, like an English government; but in Venice every thing was secret. The unhappy prisoner was taken away from his home secretly, thrown into the dungeon secretly, tried often by his known enemies, and, when sentenced to death, he was led to the end of the winding passages, seated in front of a small grating, which admitted air from one of the narrow canals, and the next minute his head was cut off. The body was borne down a stone staircase leading to the water side, and placed in a gondola which was in waiting, and then the dark boat glided noiselessly away with its fearful burden, which was cast into a distant canal. It is said that men were forbidden to fish at that particular spot, lest they might discover the bodies of the dead.

I do not believe, however, that this cruelty was carried on in later days ; for when the French plundered and destroyed Venice, they broke open the prisons, and found only one person in them. From these prisons we were taken by another passage to the council room, and from thence to the Bridge of Sighs, which leads across the canal to some more prisons resembling, as our guide told us, those in the palace. The bridge, as I have before said, is closely covered in, so that no person crossing it could be seen from the water. There are two passages in it, one for those going to the prisons, the other for those returning, and they are separated by a wall, in order that the prisoners might not see or know each other. The door at the end, by which the opposite prisons were entered, is now blocked up ; but the cells are still used by the Austrian government, and there are persons kept in them now.

To visit such places as these is very sad and oppressive, and the feeling which they give haunts one. After seeing the prisons and the Bridge of Sighs, I never could think that Venice was a gay place: the gaiety always seemed to me a mockery and pretence.

There was formerly another set of prisons called the Sotto Piombi, or "under the leads," and they have been described as even worse than the lower prisons, from the intense suffering caused by the heat. But this, I believe, is not true. They were not immediately under the leads of the palace, for there was a considerable space between the roof and the ceiling of the cells, so that the sun did not strike upon them with the force which has been described, and they were considered remarkably healthy. They are now used as ordinary

rooms. In later years, the Austrian government ordered some persons who, it was believed, had been engaged in plotting and rebellion, to be kept in a prison of this kind. Terrible accounts were given by the prisoners of the sufferings which they endured ; but I cannot help now doubting the truth of these statements. The building was pointed out to us. It looked like a little, common, red brick house, perched on the top of the palace, and was remarkably ugly ; but the windows were large, and if the heat of the sun was great, there must also have been a good deal of fresh air, as the rooms were so high above the other buildings of the palace.

CHAP. XIV.

OUR afternoon, after seeing the prisons, was spent in visiting Murano, one of the Venetian islands, which in other places would be considered a suburb of the town, for it is covered with buildings, and is just like Venice itself. The distance to Murano is short, yet it was long enough to make us feel the roughness of a more open sea. The canals are smooth as a pond, but the moment we were out of them the motion of the gondola was far from pleasant.

Murano is famous for its glass works. In former days Venetian glass was considered the finest in Europe, and it is said that when one of the French kings visited the manufactory, he was so pleased with the skill of the workmen that he made them all nobles. At that time, also, Venetian glass was believed to possess a peculiar property by which poison was dis-

covered. No one pretended to know how it happened ; but it was said that if poison was poured into a cup, made of this glass, it would shiver to atoms. This, of course, was a mere fancy. The manufactory is now very small, glass beads being the principal things made there.

An English gentleman, named Evelyn, who visited Venice in the time of Oliver Cromwell, speaks of Murano as a "very nobly built town," having "divers noblemen's palaces in it, and handsome gardens." He would say very differently if he saw it now, for a more wretched decayed place it is scarcely possible to imagine ; the houses dirty and ruinous, no signs of business, except when the workmen come down to the canal as strangers arrive, and beg them to visit the glass manufactory ; and scarcely any one to be seen in the place except a number of idle ragged children.

One thing however remains, to show the ancient grandeur of Murano,—a splendid old Cathedral. It was surprising to see a building so very handsome in a place so wretched. The form of the building is very grand, and tells at once how old it is. The east end, which is round, is particularly beautiful. In the inside it is dark, like St. Mark's, but that does not prevent one from seeing that the floor and the columns are of marble, and the ceiling over the altar covered with gilding. It was growing dusk as we were in the Cathedral, and persons were assembling for evening service. The poor people entered the beautiful church, one after the other, seeming to consider it their common home, to which all had the same right ; and not thinking it necessary to wait till they had better clothes before they ventured to go to church, but kneeling down, after their day's labour, in their

working dress, to say their evening prayers. If I had been sure they were praying to our Blessed Saviour, and not to the Virgin Mary, I should have longed that our English poor people could do like them.

Another of the Venetian islands, called Torcello, which was inhabited before Venice was built, has a still more splendid church than Murano, but unfortunately, as it was farther off, we were not able to go to it. Close to Murano is the small island which is used for the cemetery or burying ground. I have heard these Venetian islands called very beautiful; but I cannot say they appeared so to me, for there are very few trees upon them, and the buildings are every where decaying. They only look pretty at a distance, when they are seen, perhaps, by the evening light, with the mainland, and the mountains of the Tyrol, faint and misty beyond them. Several are occupied for special purposes. One, as I have said, is the cemetery; on another is a lunatic asylum, and on a third stands an Armenian convent, belonging to a Society of Christians, who in many respects resemble Roman Catholics, but differ from them in some particular points. They originally came from Armenia, a country of Asia. This convent we visited, one afternoon, having first spent a short time in the public gardens, almost the only green spot about Venice. They are close to the principal island, but were not in existence in the days of the Doges, having been made by the French after they had taken possession of the place. French gardens are always full of straight walks, and small trees, and these at Venice contain nothing more; but the shade is pleasant, and it is a secure place for children, who play about there with their nurses, and have thus an opportunity of learning

what trees are like, which otherwise, if they lived all their lives in Venice, they might not be so likely to know.

The Armenian convent pleased me far more than the public gardens. It was a delightfully quiet spot, where it seemed as if life might pass happily and peacefully. The convent is a plain white building close to the water, and not remarkable in any way. When we reached it, and rang a bell to ask for admittance, a man came down to the water side, and very civilly conducted us across a small court, with a garden in the centre, and covered walks or cloisters all round, into a small room, where he begged us to wait for a few minutes until one of the fathers, or monks, could come to us. The room was rather dark ; but there were some good paintings in it, copies made by some of the monks of celebrated pictures. In a short time the father who was to show us the convent made his appearance, dressed in the black gown, somewhat like a clergyman's gown, which it is usual for monks to wear, and having the crown of his head shaved. He was a sensible, agreeable, gentlemanlike man, with a pleasant voice, which made his good Italian sound particularly well. He took us first to the library, a large, long room, very like some rooms I have seen in England, at Oxford, in which were a number of curious and valuable old books, some printed, and some written before printing was invented. One of these written books, or manuscripts, was more than a thousand years old. Another, which was written in an Eastern language—I think it was the Burmese—no one, he said, had ever been able to make out. His own taste, I suspect, was for pictures, for he pointed out with great delight a beautiful

painting by a celebrated old Venetian artist, which hung against the wall by the staircase, and told us that two hundred pounds had been offered for it by persons in England, but that no sum of money would ever induce them to part with it. From the library we went to the chapel, which pleased me more than any other foreign church I had seen, in one respect; for, although it was not particularly handsome, it was simple and neat, and there were no images of the Virgin Mary in it. There was a curtain to draw across the front of the altar, and separate the priests from the people during certain parts of the service, and this, I think, was the chief difference between the Armenian chapel and what one might see in England. A chair also was placed in it for the Armenian archbishop, whenever he should visit the convent.

Our friend the monk talked to us a little of the difference between Roman Catholics and themselves. "They agreed in almost every point," he said; "but they could not worship together, because there was some difference." One of the party suggested that perhaps, in spite of this, they might unite and become one Church; but he would not listen to the idea, and said, "the Armenians never change." Young men are sent from the East to be educated at this convent, and the monks employ themselves besides in superintending the printing of books in different languages. We were taken into the printing room where the men were at work, and also into the room where their books are kept: amongst them was an account of the convent, — when it was established, and what its history had been. The island we found had originally been set apart by the Venetians for the use of persons *affected* with leprosy — that dreadful disease being

common in Europe in those days. The garden I have already mentioned; but there is besides a vineyard, which looked most cool and tempting; the vines being trained over arches, and forming long, green, covered walks. Our last visit was to a terrace, overlooking the sea. Venice was to be seen to the right, and in front were the distant shores and mountains of the mainland. Very lovely it was; but the beauty is in some degree spoilt when the water is low, as the sand of the lagoon is then scarcely covered.

That evening, as we rowed away from the Armenian convent, we ordered our gondoliers to take us to the Lido. The word really means the shore; but it is especially applied to a sandy bank, forming part of a long island, which lies between Venice and the Adriatic Sea. I expected to see a dreary spot, and I was not disappointed. We landed by a few poor cottages, walked along a raised path by a narrow canal, with Indian corn growing by the sides of the flat banks, and then came upon the barren sand, washed by the waves of the Adriatic. The spot was once chosen by an English nobleman as a riding ground; and it may, perhaps, be the only place in the neighbourhood of Venice fitted for such a purpose; but nothing can be more desolate than its appearance: no trees, no houses—no signs of human life;—and the Adriatic that night looked dark and angry. There are, I believe, a few ancient tombs of the Jews upon the Lido, their burying-place being generally kept far away from that of Christians.

We spent one Sunday in Venice, and were fortunate enough to enjoy our own English service in a private room at the hotel—an English clergyman undertaking the duty. This is constantly done abroad, for the number of English who travel is so large that

there are generally enough visitors in a town to form a good congregation. It is usual on these occasions to send word to the other hotels when the service will be, and at what hour.

Monday, the 29th of September, was to be our last day at Venice. On the following morning we were to leave it for Padua, and go from thence by railway to Verona, where we had again engaged Daval to meet us, and take us on to Milan. The other voiturier's services would not be wanted; he came, therefore, into Venice, from Mestre, where he and Daval had been waiting for a day or two, to be paid, and wish us good b'ye. This last was a ceremony we were not quite prepared for. One of my friends being in her room, resting after a good deal of fatigue, the door was suddenly thrown open, the black-haired Italian, his eyes sparkling with eagerness, rushed up to her, seized her hand, kissed it, poured forth a torrent of Venetian gratitude, and retired before she was able to recover from her surprise.

Last days have always a great deal of business crowded into them. I was at St. Mark's, as usual, soon after seven, returned to breakfast at nine, and went out again soon afterwards; first, to the church built by the Venetian senators in thankfulness for deliverance from a great plague, in which 60,000 persons are said to have died. It is on an island exactly opposite the Ducal Palace, and looks well at a distance, with the wide flight of steps leading up to the entrance, and the great dome in the roof; but on seeing it nearer I cared more for the view from it over the calm blue water, to the beautiful arcades of the Piazzetta, and the two columns, and the tall tower of the Campanile, *and the domes of St. Mark's, than for the building itself.* As in the case of the other Venetian churches,

a great deal of money has been spent upon it without making it beautiful.

From the church we went to the palace now used by the Emperor of Austria, and here we heard an interesting piece of intelligence—that the Emperor was expected in Venice that evening. A palace requires the same kind of cleaning and dusting as an ordinary house; and in the large room into which we were shown two women were busily employed in making up curtains, whilst the chairs and sofas were all turned out of their places and scattered about the room in anything but princely order. In such a state of things there was no chance of our seeing very much, and indeed there appeared but little to be seen;—only a few pictures, which were not in any way wonderful. We should not have stayed there as long as we did, but that some of the gentlemen were gone to inquire for the governor of the arsenal,—the place where all the great ships of Venice used to be made,—who, it was hoped, would give us permission to go over it. I will not tire you, as we were tired ourselves that morning, by describing how we went from one person to another, and one place to another, in search of this officer, who, after all, was never found. It was rather provoking to waste time on our last day, but I was always tolerably contented when in a gondola. The principal thing I had wished to see in the arsenal was the great ship the “Bucentaur,” in which the Doge always used to appear on grand occasions. I fancied it was still in existence, but I found that the French had destroyed it, and only a model was kept there now, so that I had less cause to be sorry that we could not gain admittance.

The morning went quickly, and did not give us time

to do what we had talked of doing continually—ascend to the top of the Campanile, in the Great Square, in order to see the view. We were so determined not to omit this, that we set off for the Piazza again directly after dinner, though with a considerable misgiving as to whether we should not be too late. It was very vexatious to be told when we reached it that no one was allowed to go up after five o'clock, for we had no one to blame but ourselves. Some of the party were anxious to persuade the man who had the care of it to make an exception in our favour; but he was quite firm; and, really, when I looked in and saw the dark way by which we were to ascend, I was not at all sorry. I believe there are no steps, but what is called an inclined plane—a continual smooth ascent, going round and round to the top.

After a walk round the Piazza, and a little wandering amongst the streets of the Merceria, to complete our purchases and remembrances of Venice, we went back to our gondola, but with no intention of returning to the hotel. The Emperor was really coming. He was expected to make his entrance at eleven o'clock at night, and there was to be an illumination in his honour. We could not, therefore, do better than row about the town and see all that was going on. So we made our gondoliers carry us out some distance amongst the merchant vessels, which were gaily decorated with flags, and then made our way up the Grand Canal to the bridge of the Rialto. We had seen stands of candles in the Piazza, and many were placed in rows in the windows; and coloured rugs and cloths were hung out, but there were no inscriptions,—nothing to mark any feeling of loyalty and affection in the people. Venice must always be a singularly quiet

place; but I think if it had been filled with English people, expecting to receive an English sovereign, they would have contrived in some way or other to make a much greater noise and bustle, and I am sure they would have felt a great deal more pleasure. Still, the remembrance of the scene that night will always remain with me, as one of the most beautiful I could possibly have beheld. We rowed, as I have said, to the Rialto, where the preparations for the illuminations were just beginning, returned to the hotel to drink tea, and went out again directly afterwards. The lamps on the bridge were lighted then; the outline of the arch marked in brilliant lines of yellow and red on one side, and blue and green on the other. Rows of lamps, also, were placed under the arch, against the edge of the water, but the houses on the banks of the canal were only partially lighted. At this time the people were collecting in crowds, and there was a crush of gondolas close to the bridge. We managed to pass between them, and proceeded to a spot near the railway station, from which we knew the Emperor would embark in his gondola; but not being quite satisfied with our position we returned again to the Rialto, as a deafening peal of bells from the innumerable churches of Venice told that the Emperor was arrived, and placed ourselves on one side, where we could not fail to see every thing that went by. Gondolas went up and down incessantly; their dark forms, and the figures of the gondoliers, lighted up for a moment as they glided beneath the brilliant arch of the bridge, and quickly lost again in the confused mass of men and boats which crowded the canal. With some were borne coloured lighted torches, and it was beautiful

then to watch them as they threaded their way into the darkness. But a blaze of light suddenly fell upon the buildings near us,—a pale green, clear and brilliant, marking every exquisite line and carving of the old palaces. It died away, and another flashed from the opposite side; and then, from beyond the bridge of the Rialto, a flood of crimson colour was poured upon a long line of rich buildings, which shone like a city of fairy land. The people were burning coloured lights, and shouts rose from the multitude as they watched them, but there was no real excitement or delight,—no great feeling for the Emperor; and as the gondolas came down more closely and quickly, and the sound of distant music reached us, I longed for a hearty English cheer to tell him that he was welcome. One huge boat passed, so crowded with people that it caused general ridicule, and sharp whistles and hisses were heard. For the moment we mistook the cause, and thought that they were meant in insult, but this was not the case; there was some attempt at cheering as the gondola filled with the officers of the Court and the band of musicians came in sight; and when the Emperor followed it would have been impossible for any person not to feel something like enthusiasm, if it were only from the singular sight. The canal was completely covered with gondolas; the Emperor was in the centre, but his boat could not be distinguished from the rest. They came down as one rapid moving mass of oars, and arms, and figures bent forward in the act of rowing,—the light from the Rialto falling full upon them: and on they passed, brilliantly visible for a moment, when they glided beneath the arch, and then vanishing in darkness, and traced only by the light of torches and the

sounds of music falling fainter and fainter upon the ear.

We watched them whilst they were in sight, and then we turned away into one of the narrow silent canals, with the tall palaces rising on each side, and only an occasional lamp giving notice of a bridge or a gondola; and, passing between the Ducal Palace and the prison, looked up to the Bridge of Sighs, and felt, as every person, one would think, must feel in Venice,—in indignation at its past offences and sorrow for its present fate.

For it is a place fallen, as it would seem, never to rise again. The people have no wish to restore the power of the Doges and the Senators; but there is a spirit of discontent amongst them, and they will not submit patiently to the authority of the Austrian Emperor; and whilst plots are formed, and fear and distrust are every where felt, trade decays and poverty depresses the inhabitants of the once powerful and wealthy city.

We hoped that evening to have seen the Emperor, for we were told that he would probably appear at a balcony in front of his palace, some of the upper rooms of which are over the lower buildings of the Piazza. But although the Piazza was well lighted, and the front of St. Mark's was glorious with the sparkling gilding and bright colours, and a band was playing in the square, and we sat in the upper window of a café, opposite to the palace, drinking coffee and eating buns, and wishing that his Majesty would come forth, he did not take the trouble to satisfy our curiosity. There were lights in his apartments, and we could see his officers go backwards and forwards; but the Emperor was either too tired, or too little pleased

with his reception, to take any trouble about the matter. Perhaps he did not think there were a sufficient number of people collected, for certainly the Piazza was not very crowded.

But then it was extremely late, and all prudent people were probably gone to bed. The giants in the clock tower struck one as we entered our gondola, and, taking one lingering look at St. Mark's, and the Arcades, and the ghostly Campanile, glided for the last time at night over the dark waters of the Grand Canal.

CHAP. XV.

It was half past two o'clock before I was in bed,—packing, and putting down the notes of my journal, that I might not forget what I had seen, took me so long; and before six I was up again, for we were to leave Venice at nine, and there was a great deal to be done first;—breakfast, and the row to the railway station, and a church to be seen close to it.

I will not attempt to describe how sleepy and tired I felt when I was called, or how little inclined I was for the business of the day: but it was a case in which there was no choice; and, after the final packings were completed, and breakfast was over, and we had watched from the windows some of the Austrian officers passing in their gondolas in full dress to pay their homage to the Emperor, we also entered a gondola, and said farewell to the hotel of the Imperatore. We were in very good time, and were able not only to see the Church of the Scalzi, but also had the *satisfaction* of spending a quarter of an hour in the

wretched little waiting-room at the railway station, a place as unlike Venice, and as unsuited to it, as can well be imagined. The railway itself is not as ugly an object as might be expected. It is of an immense length; I do not quite know how long,—but it stretches away with a regular line of arches like a never ending bridge over the sea; and when one is actually upon it, there is something strange and exciting in seeing the water on each side, whilst the view of Venice is very interesting. The shores of the main land are so flat, and the water runs up in such narrow and shallow channels, that one cannot tell the exact spot where the railway leaves the lagune and rests upon the firm earth, and this makes its length appear greater than it otherwise would.

I know very little of the road between Venice and Padua, the place to which we were going, except that the country was flat, and that the river Brenta flowed through it. Want of rest and sleep made me feel so unwell that I cared very little for anything, even for leaving Venice; and when we reached Padua, after a short journey, I went to my room, and lay down on a sofa, and begged that every one else would go out and see the town and leave me alone. It was rather vexatious to spend in this way one's first hours at a celebrated place, but I contrived to see a good deal in the afternoon.

Padua is believed to be, perhaps, the oldest city in the north of Italy, and to have been founded more than a thousand years before the birth of our blessed Saviour, at the time when Judges were governing the Israelites. It is one of the great Universities of Italy, where learned men study, and young men go to be instructed. The knowledge of medicine is particu-

larly taught there. One of the first things which caught my eye as we were going into the hotel, was a handbill, giving notice of some discovery which had been made in medicine. The great building in which the young men receive instruction has a curious name. It is called "il Bo," or the ox,—no one seems to know exactly why, but there is the figure of an ox carved on one of the columns within it.

The town is full of narrow streets, with arcades, and great houses, which, like the Venetian houses, are termed palaces. They are entered generally by a gate leading into a court-yard, beyond which is a garden, looking very pretty as one sees it from the street. Still, the city has an appearance of decay, and a great deal of the beauty is lost from the custom of whitening the houses. I always fancied Padua to be a handsome, though a gloomy town, and so it is really; but these rather dirty white walls give it a poor look, without any grandeur or dignity.

The churches and the pictures in them are now the chief charm of the place, and we spent nearly the whole of that afternoon, and the greater part of the next day, in examining them. The principal pictures are painted in what is called fresco, which is a peculiar kind of paint, commonly used before oil colours were invented, and particularly employed in adorning walls and large buildings. Unhappily the colours wear and fade away, so that many of the most beautiful paintings that were ever executed have now nearly vanished.

We saw one exquisite little church, called Giotto's Chapel, from Giotto, a very ancient and very celebrated artist, who designed and adorned it. It stood in a garden,—not a neat garden,—that one could not ex-

pect in Italy,—but having trees and flowers in it, and away from the noise of the town. It was quite small, with only one aisle, a very high roof, and a beautiful arch for the chancel. The ground colour of the walls was a most lovely deep blue, like the blue of the sky in the early morning of a summer's day : the roof was of the same hue, and studded with golden stars, and on every side were pictures in fresco, representing the different scenes of the supposed life of the Virgin Mary, and the real life of our Blessed Lord. The expressions of the faces, and the outlines of the figures, were quite wonderful ; especially the grief in the countenances of the persons present at the burial of our Lord, and the harsh cruelty of those who mocked Him as He stood before Caiaphas. This last picture was so natural as to be very painful. Yet all this wonderful work is vanishing away ; time has destroyed the brightness of the colours, and the outline of the figures can often be scarcely traced. Lovely indeed it still is, but, like the loveliness of a dying person, it is seen with mingled sorrow and pleasure. The building itself, however, is not likely to be allowed to decay. It is the property of an ancient Venetian noble family, and service is performed in it every day.

The other churches I should only weary you by describing. They are full of beautiful fresco paintings. The largest and most celebrated is the Church of St. Antonio, or St. Antony, who is considered the patron saint of the city. It has seven domes, and three spires, and in a degree resembles St. Mark's at Venice, though it is much less splendid. It was particularly interesting to me, as being a specimen of the beautiful brick-work which is common in old buildings in the north of Italy, and which must always, I think, strike English

people, who are accustomed to consider brick as only fitted for the plainest and most ordinary buildings. The frescoes in this church, and in another close to it, the Church of St. George, were amongst the finest I saw in Italy. Before the church stands a figure of a man on horseback, known by the name of Gatta Melata, or "the honied cat." In former days there used to be bands of soldiers, headed by various chiefs, who were hired to fight by the different princes of Europe when they went to war; and this Gatta Melata was one of the most celebrated of the commanders. His figure looks very well in front of the old church.

The most striking building in Padua, next to the Church of St. Antony, is an old palace, called the Palazzo della Ragione, or the Palace of Justice. It is a very large building, standing upon open arches on one side of the market place. Its principal wonder is an immense hall, the roof of which is supposed to be the largest in the world, not supported by pillars. It is nearly half as high again as the walls. The plan of it is said to have been brought to Padua by a friar, who had travelled a great deal in distant countries, and returned with drawings of all the fine buildings he had seen, and amongst others of the roof of a great palace in India. The Paduans were so delighted with the design that they entreated the friar to build them a roof for their hall like it, and he agreed, only asking to be paid by the wood and tiles of the old roof, when it was taken down. It is a strange, mysterious looking room, with very small windows, very high up, and the walls covered with paintings of figures, considerably faded, but all supposed to have some deep meaning. A person would feel quite alone in it when standing at one end with the rest of the party at the other—the

distance is so great for a room, and the dim light makes it so solemn. Several figures of celebrated persons are placed at the lower part of the hall, and an enormous figure of a wooden horse, which perhaps gives a better idea of the size of the room than anything else. It is hollow, and is said to be capable of containing twenty-four persons, and yet it did not look much larger than an ordinary horse when compared with the rest of the room. This wooden horse is connected with the history of Padua. You may remember that I told you the city was supposed to have been founded a very great many years ago. Antenor, the person who founded it, is said to have been an inhabitant of Troy, a city in Asia, which was besieged for ten years by the Greeks without success. At the end of that time the Greeks made a huge hollow, wooden horse, in which a party of soldiers hid themselves, and this was foolishly taken into the town by the Trojans, who did not know what it contained. The Greek soldiers remained in the wooden horse very quietly all day, but when night came they got out of it and opened the gates to their friends, and so Troy was taken ; and Antenor, one of the chief men, escaped, and came to Italy and founded Padua.

Padua was one of the first places in which clocks were made to strike the hour. There is a great tower with a clock in it in one of the squares, which was contrived in the year 1344, by a man called Dondi, who became so famous in consequence, that the name of "Orologio," or Clock, was given him. His family are said to be living at this day, and are called Dondi dell' Orologio, or Dondi of the Clock. Dondi's daughter was a very learned lady, and is placed

amongst the celebrated people in the great hall of the Palace of Justice.

The inhabitants of Padua seem always to have had a great remembrance of their distinguished men. A large oval green place near the outside of the town, surrounded by a small canal, is adorned with statues of famous persons. It was intended only for those who had actually belonged to the city, but these were not found sufficient, and now, I must say, there is a very odd mixture. The statues, however, have a very good appearance as they stand up side by side round the open green space.

We had our luncheon at a splendid café, built of marble, and called the Café Pedrocchi, from the person who erected it. He was a poor man, and in his early days lived in a little house which stood just where the beautiful café is now to be seen. The old house being ruinous, he was obliged at last to pull it down; and after this was done, to the great surprise of the Paduans, Pedrocchi grew wonderfully rich, collected workmen, and gave orders for the new marble building. He took great delight in the work, and went every evening regularly to pay his workmen in old Venetian gold. The strange part of the history is, that no one could ever find out where his money came from, and many wonderful things are still said as to the way in which he became possessed of it. Some suppose that he must have found a hidden treasure.

We left Padua by the railway in the afternoon, and reached Verona too late to see anything of the town that evening. The hotel was comfortable, but rather dingy. I remember particularly a dark green carpet in one of the bed-rooms, apparently lined and stuffed with straw, into which one's foot sank as one walked

in a most unnatural manner, giving one all kinds of unpleasant ideas of dirt and insects. I must confess though, for the honour of Verona, and especially of the hotel of the "Due Torri," or the "two towers," that I did not make acquaintance with either the one or the other.

CHAP. XVI.

WE were full of business the next morning; all Verona was to be seen in the course of a few hours; and any person who has ever been there, would know that such an undertaking is no slight one. For Verona is even more full of curious and ancient buildings, and monuments, and churches, than Padua. It is also a much larger place, and contains fifty thousand inhabitants. The situation is extremely lovely; some persons say that it is the finest in the north of Italy. Beautiful hills covered with vineyards, and trees, and villas, surround it; and the river Adige flows through it, and is crossed by some very remarkable old bridges, built with battlements, like the walls of a castle. The streets are, I think, narrower than those of Padua; the houses better, and ornamented, and not whitened. The shops are good, and the dress of the people, especially of the women, with their black veils, such as we saw at Como, contributes to form a very pretty, and constantly changing, scene. One thing only was wanted to make our morning at Verona perfectly agreeable,—fine weather; but alas! we had had a perpetual little drizzle at Venice,—a decided rain in the evening at Padua, —and rain still followed us to

Verona. It is amusing, however, to observe how soon one becomes accustomed to any state of circumstances. We had learned now to calculate upon rain, and it never prevented us from going out.

Our first visit was to the remains of a great building, —a Roman amphitheatre, one of the most remarkable things in Italy. You must all, I think, have heard that in the times of the Roman Emperors public shows, consisting of combats of men and of wild beasts, were the common amusement of the people ; and you must know also that the early Christians, instead of being put to death by a public execution, were often condemned to die in this horrible manner, fighting with savage animals. St. Paul alludes to this custom, when he says, in the first epistle to the Corinthians, “If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me if the dead rise not ?” The amphitheatre was the place in which these terrible scenes took place. Sometimes, men, called gladiators, fought with each other ; and sometimes savage animals were chosen instead. But, in either case, it was a scene of cruelty and bloodshed. The largest amphitheatre in Italy is at Rome : it is called the Coliseum. This one at Verona is, however, the most perfect in some respects. It is a very large open space surrounded by rows of stone seats, which rise one behind the other to an immense height. It is uncovered, for the shows took place in the day-time, and, with the warm climate and bright skies of Italy, nothing was required but an awning supported by a mast placed in the centre. The size of the amphitheatre is best understood by knowing that it would hold 32,000 people.

Underneath the seats there are long passages and

vaults, in some of which it is supposed the wild beasts were kept. The whole is shut in by surprisingly thick walls, once divided into seventy-two arches, through which persons could enter the passages, and so reach the centre space, or the arena ; or else make their way to the seats. Only four, however, of these outer arches are now standing. Many of the arcades and passages are now occupied by smiths, and farriers, and persons who have things to sell. The building is of marble, except in some few parts, where a little brick has been used. The arches were formerly all numbered, and the persons who went to the amphitheatre received tickets, marked with the same number as the arch through which they were to pass. Some, who went in carriages, instead of getting out at the arches, and walking through the passages, were driven up a broad, sloping stone road, or, what is called, an inclined plane, which enabled them to reach the height of some of the upper seats before they left their carriages. The seats are of marble, like the rest of the building, —one row to sit upon, and the next for the spectators to rest their feet upon. They are divided into different sets, and between these sets a space is left for steps, to go up and down amongst them ; otherwise it would have been impossible for any one person to move without greatly disturbing his neighbours.

The colour of the building is a dark red ; but it is overgrown with creeping plants on the outside, which greatly add to its beauty as a ruin. In the inside, the open centre is overgrown with grass, but the seats are all perfect, for the inhabitants of Verona are obliged by law to repair them from time to time, and shows are still occasionally held in the amphitheatre ; though, of course, not of the same kind as formerly.

From the amphitheatre we went to visit some famous old monuments, belonging to a noble family, who were once lords of Verona. The first of the family was called Mastino della Scala, or Mastino of the Ladder; for a ladder was considered the sign of the family: and in every part of Verona it is to be seen, carved on buildings or monuments, as we see in England the lion and the unicorn, and the signs, or arms, of our own royal family. No one exactly knows where the Scala family came from; but Mastino was chosen by the people of Verona to be their lord after the death of a most cruel tyrant, named Ezzelino of Ravenna, who had ruled over Verona, Padua, and other cities in the north of Italy, and whose cruelty was so shocking that people thought he must be under the special dominion of the spirit of evil.

Strange names abounded in the family of Scala, or the Scaligeri, as they were called, and almost all had something to do with dogs, but the reason is not exactly known. Mastino means a mastiff; Cangrande, another common name amongst them, meant the great dog; and Can Signore, the chief dog. They were all powerful princes, and ruled their people well; and now they rest together under sumptuous marble tombs, in the centre of the city which was subject to them. Two are represented upon the top of their separate monuments in full armour, mounted upon their war horses; whilst below their figures are carved lying in their royal robes.

The rest of our time at Verona was spent in seeing churches. The most interesting and beautiful was the Church of St. Zeno, an African saint, said to have been Bishop of Verona about 362 years after the birth of our Saviour.

This church must have been originally begun when

the great Roman empire was falling to pieces, and when a new people, the Lombards, had settled themselves in the north of Italy, and were governed by their own kings. This happened about the time when the Saxons were ruling in Britain. Lombard Churches are very curious, with round arches, and thick pillars, and all kinds of strange figures as ornaments about them. The columns of the porch of San Zeno rested upon two figures resembling lions, lying down; and round the archway was carved a hunt, — the stag, and the dogs, — with the king following them. It referred to some old story connected with religion, which was believed in those days.

We had but just time to hurry over our dinner when Daval's carriage was ready to take us from Verona; the lady's maid was to go by the diligence. I have scarcely ever left a place with more regret; so many things were left unvisited; and seeing the buildings which had remained unchanged for so many years was better far than reading history. It was as if one had gone back to the times themselves. But there was nothing to be done but to try and be contented; and, after driving through a street with old palaces on each side, and passing once more the church of San Zeno, we said good b'ye to Verona, and proceeded on our way to Desenzano, a little town on the Lago di Garda, or the Lake of Garda, at which we were to sleep.

The afternoon's journey will soon be described: we had a straight road, few villages, and the river Brenta flowing part of the way by our side. We passed a small town called Peschiera, with strong walls round it for defence, and then travelled by the side of the Lake of Garda, and looked, a little longingly, at the

great hills which rose up in the distance, and reminded us of the mountains of the Tyrol;—for the upper part of the lake is in the Tyrol,—and at last we stopped at a droll little inn, close by the water side, not very clean, and where we had none but men to wait upon us, according to the disagreeable custom of all small Italian inns; but where we contrived to sleep with tolerable comfort.

We were in the carriage again at seven o'clock the next morning, the weather cloudy and threatening for rain, and particularly tantalising to us, because it prevented us from seeing the views on the lake to advantage. I am afraid one is always inclined to be discontented. When I was in the Tyrol I used to think how delightful it would be to enjoy again the soft warm air, and the lovely scenery of Italy: and now I looked at the mountains, with the earnest desire that we were all going off in a boat towards them. I fancied the scenery there must be so very beautiful; and so I believe it is. But we had no time to bestow upon it, and, after a short glimpse of the water, the horses' heads were turned just in the contrary direction, and away we drove, left the Lago di Garda behind us, and returned to the flat country, the straight roads, and the acacia hedges. It was the middle of the day before the appearance of a number of large houses scattered about on the hills gave notice that we were approaching Brescia, where we were to rest the horses and have our dinner. It is the same kind of place as Padua and Verona, having similar narrow streets, and handsome houses. But we had only two hours to spare for it; and we no sooner reached the hotel, and had ordered dinner, than we made inquiry for some person who might be able to show us every thing worth seeing in

the shortest space of time. Such persons are always at hand in foreign towns where there are many visitors ; and our guide, a solemn man, wearing a blue linen jacket, and a straw hat, set rather dandily on one side, having made his appearance, we sallied forth, the guide leading the way. He took us first to the remains of an old Roman building, which, until within a few years, had been buried beneath stones and rubbish, with only one column just seen above the ground. It was this column which first gave the idea that the rest of the building might be in existence, and orders were issued that the ground should be dug up. Some more most exquisitely carved columns and portions of a large building were then discovered, beneath which were passages and vaults. In these were found many things belonging to heathen temples ; and it is supposed that, when Christianity was established in the Roman Empire, the idolaters hid the signs of their worship in these dark underground places, when they were forgotten till brought to light so many hundred years afterwards. The pictures in the churches were next visited, and also a small, but most beautiful and valuable collection, made by an Italian nobleman, Count Tosi, who in his will left them to the inhabitants of Brescia.

Our sight-seeing hour was over then ; dinner was likely to be ready, and the rain had come, and we had to make our way back to the hotel in spite of it. That walk was really one of the longest to my feelings that I ever took. The rain poured in torrents, and we hurried on through street after street, not knowing where we were going. Constantly I thought we must stop, and as constantly our blue guide and his straw hat were seen in the distance rushing forwards, and

compelling us to follow at the same pace, lest we should lose sight of him altogether.

It rained all the afternoon, and I have no knowledge or remembrance of the drive, till we entered a town called Chiari, when — the rain being quite surprising in its vehemence — Daval made a sudden dart into the court-yard of a wretched inn, at which we were to remain for the night. What a recollection I have of the sound of the rain upon the pavement, as I looked out of the window of my dark little bedroom into a narrow lane, with a high wall rising up just in front; and not even an odd window or a projecting roof to amuse me with the thought that I was in Italy! Further, to raise one's spirits, as we sat down to tea, intelligence was brought us that a bridge had broken down on the road to Milan, which we had hoped to reach the next day, and that we should have great difficulty in getting there. The news gave us a subject of conversation for a long time, and I confess that, in my heart, I was not very sorry to be told, at last, that it would be necessary to turn aside from the usual road and go the following day to Bergamo. The guide book gave a most tempting description of the place; and I had so fallen in love with Padua, Verona, and Brescia, that I longed to see another of the beautiful towns of Lombardy. But it was not to be. Fine weather and different intelligence came the next morning. The bridge had been mended, or was being mended, and it was thought we should pass over it very easily, and at seven o'clock we were on our way to Milan, with only one uncomfortable thought in our minds, — how the poor lady's maid, who had been travelling all night, had fared in the diligence when it passed the bridge.

Straight roads and acacia hedges ! you will be a little tired of hearing of them, and I was a little tired of seeing them. But then we had the Tyrol mountains in the distance, and my spirits rose at the sight of a snow peak, as at the meeting with an old friend. The broken bridge was only a kind of apology for a bridge,—very low, and carried over what perhaps would properly be called a drain : but it would have served the purpose of stopping our progress, just as much as the ruin of a handsome arch, if the Italians had not for once exerted themselves and worked diligently to repair it—covering the part which had fallen away with boards, and filling up the spaces with earth and stones. We were kept waiting there for a few minutes in company with another carriage and a great diligence ; but we all passed safely and went on to Treviglio, from which place there is a railway into Milan.

The railway bridge was broken down ! that was the next thing we heard : happily it did not signify to us, for the carriage could as well take us into Milan as the railway. So we troubled ourselves very little about the matter, but wandered about in the town, where there was a market of shoes, cotton, cattle, and old knives, and found out there was very little to be seen, and had our dinner and set off again.

The country between Treviglio and Milan was flooded, and looked desolate in consequence ; but the road was wide, the houses on each side were good ; and when, at length, we drove through a very handsome gateway into an exceedingly broad, fine street, with handsome buildings on each side, and passed a splendid carriage drive leading from it, planted with rows of

trees, I was quite satisfied with my first view of Milan, the capital of Lombardy.

The great wonder of Milan is its Cathedral of pure white marble. I caught sight of it as we entered a rather narrow street, — the white marble pinnacles at the top glittering above the stains of smoke and the dust of ages which had discoloured the lower part. But it was only the glimpse of a moment, and almost immediately afterwards we drove into the court-yard of the Albergo Reale, or the Royal Hotel, at which, as events proved, we were to take up our residence for the next ten days.

CHAP. XVII.

THE time we spent at Milan was in one respect unfortunate, for we were kept there in consequence of an accident which happened to one of the party, who slipped down a dark staircase, and very much hurt her foot. This made us anxious for several days, though the injury proved to be less serious than we had at first feared. I was rather sorry to be detained at Milan. It is not a very interesting place,—I scarcely know why, for it is famous in history,—and the Cathedral is always delightful, and there is a fine gallery of pictures, and the shops are good, and it is certainly a cheerful place. But it is too much like any other large town, too regularly handsome, and I did not become in the least fond of it. Verona, with its ruins, and curious bridges, and old buildings, was far more charming. The lady's maid, I think, enjoyed Milan more than any one else ; and she really required some

pleasure, for that night journey of hers, in the diligence, over the broken bridge, and stopped by the broken-up railway, was a most dismal one. She gave me a lamentable account of it, but I forget the particulars: only I know that the passengers in the diligence were all obliged to get out, and find accommodation for the night as they best could; and that, if it had not been for the kindness of a gentleman, who allowed her to share the same room with his wife and sister, she would have been left without shelter in a strange town.

Our party broke up too at Milan; and that was not agreeable. Two were obliged to return to England, and when we said good b'ye to them, it reminded us that our pleasant summer excursion was drawing to a close for us all. Yet there were some things in Milan which gave me excessive pleasure. The pictures in the Brera, or the great gallery of paintings, though not very well arranged, were delightful; and we happened to have arrived just at the right time, for shortly before many of them had been hidden by an exhibition of modern pictures, which is made every year, and which really quite distressed me, when I one day saw them: they were so ugly, and badly done. They were taken away, happily, directly after we came.

The Cathedral, being very near our hotel, was visited every day. It was the one thing which I regretted when we left Milan. We usually finished our walk through the busy streets by spending a quarter of an hour in it; and the rest was as good for the mind as the body. Before I went to Milan, I was told that I should be disappointed in the Cathedral—that it was a mistake to imagine it at all the more beautiful for being built of white marble—for that it was not easy

to distinguish the marble from any common stone. But I did not find this to be the case. I dare say persons, who know exactly how churches ought to be built, might find great faults in it: indeed, I could discover a good many myself; and I do not think it pleased me by any means as much as the Cathedral at Cologne: but it is still unlike any other building which I have ever seen; and, in some respects, it is more beautiful. The lower part is certainly stained and discoloured, as all buildings must be, after a time, in large towns; but the hue of the stone is, nevertheless, richer than that of common stone; and above, where the pinnacles and statues are newer, they sparkle like silver, especially when seen at a distance, on a bright day, rising up against the blue sky. On one side, the church is very much disfigured by the stalls, which are placed close to it; but the front faces an open square. It is said that the person who designed Milan Cathedral came from Germany; and this seems very probable, for it is not at all like an Italian building. The arches are pointed, and not round; and the pillars are like those which are found in our own Cathedrals. It is, in fact, what is called a Gothic building. The size is immense — very much greater, I believe, than that of Cologne — and the beautiful rows of marble columns, along the vast aisles, gave me a feeling of awe and delight, which was always new. I was rather vexed to have it pointed out to me that the ceiling, instead of being of carved stone, is merely painted, to represent it. It would have been more pleasant at the time to be ignorant of the fact, which, perhaps, I should not have discovered myself. As it was, I never looked up to the roof, without a notion of its being pretence; looking like something which it

really was not. The interior is dark and rich from the colour of the painted glass, which is especially beautiful at the east end; but there is no painting upon the walls as there is at Cologne. The altars are not as numerous as is usual in Roman Catholic churches. In fact, the original intention was, that there should be only one altar, as in our own Church; for the services used by the Church at Milan since the time of St. Ambrose, who was archbishop in the year 375, are rather different from the common Romish services, and do not encourage prayers to the Saints in the same degree. There are two pulpits in the Cathedral, very unlike our pulpits; for they are galleries of bronze, placed round two pillars—one on each side of the choir. They are very beautiful, and suit extremely well with the rest of the building. The Cathedral contains very few pictures or remarkable monuments; but I do not think any one would regret this: the effect of the whole is so beautiful, that one does not wish to think about the separate parts. The tomb of San Carlo Borromeo is, however, a great object of interest. He was, as you may remember I told you, Archbishop of Milan, about the time of our Queens, Mary and Elizabeth. He was buried in a chapel underneath the cathedral. When standing in the centre aisle, just in front of the choir, one can look down into it; for there is a large open space in the floor, surrounded by iron railings, and lamps are always kept burning below. Besides the burying-place of San Carlo, there is an under church, in which the service is celebrated in the winter, as it is much warmer than the choir above. I believe that the remains of San Carlo are sometimes shown; for his body was embalmed to preserve it—a custom of

which we often read in the Bible ; but it would have been a very painful sight. The chapel and the tomb are most richly ornamented, and San Carlo's favourite word, "Umilitas," or humility, is inscribed upon his tomb in golden letters. San Carlo is quite the favourite saint in Milan—one of the squares is named after him ; and in it stands a fine figure of the Archbishop, with the same word, "umilitas," on the pedestal.

To judge of the real beauty of the Cathedral, it is necessary to go to the top of the highest tower — an undertaking much less difficult than it sounds. It is the very easiest ascent that can be imagined. Instead of going round and round a little narrow staircase, growing darker as you ascend, and making you so giddy, that you scarcely know whether to move backwards or forward, the ascent of Milan Cathedral is principally by a square tower, with straight steps, made in sets of three and four, with a little landing-place between. The first tower is the highest ; but even that we did not find at all trying, compared with other church towers ; and from it we walked out upon the roof of the church — a marble roof, white and sparkling, with marble balustrades, marble pinnacles, marble buttresses, the ornaments of which were made to represent flowers, and a profusion of marble statues ; many by Monti, a celebrated Milanese sculptor, whose works were shown in the Great Exhibition in London. Above them were other smaller marble towers, and galleries, exquisitely carved ; and looking, as they stood out against the sky, almost too delicate to be the work of a human hand. Persons may say what they like as to the defects of Milan Cathedral, and how much more beautiful it

might have been made, but I cannot imagine any one standing upon the roof, and looking around him upon the profusion of rich material, and the perfect finish of every part, without feeling that it is one of the most marvellous buildings in existence. Perhaps one of its greatest charms is, that every part which has yet been completed has been done in the best way; no expense has been spared; and even in places where, as the common saying is, no one would notice, it is as delicately carved and ornamented as in the front. The building was raised for the honour of God; and they who planned it knew that His Eye can see everywhere.

The principal and most striking defect is, that it has no great tower. There is an ugly square belfry, besides the smaller towers, by which we ascended to the top; but the building has never been completed as it was first planned. It was begun in the year 1386, and yet workmen are still employed about it. The sums of money required to finish it must be enormous. Napoleon Buonaparte, the Emperor of France, when he conquered Italy, took great pains to set forward the completion of Milan Cathedral; and it has been said that he spent a great deal of money upon it. But this is not strictly true. He seized upon property which did not rightfully belong to him, and used it for that purpose; but he did nothing more — and now his statue is placed upon one of the pinnacles in remembrance of his deeds. I asked the man who was showing us the building, whom the statues were meant to represent, and his answer was, “Napoleon, and the Saints!” We went to the top of the Cathedral twice; once in the afternoon, and once just in time for the sunset. An attempt was also made to

see it very early in the morning, at seven o'clock, when the view is said to be the most distinct: but though we gave ourselves a short night's rest, and dressed when we were more inclined to be dreaming, it was to no purpose; the morning was cloudy — and if we had gone up we should have seen nothing — so we chose the sunset instead. And the view then was most magnificent, over miles and miles of the rich Lombardy plain, dotted with trees and towns, to the long range of the Alps, including the Simplon, over which we had passed into Italy, and the St. Gothard, by which we then talked of returning, and the Splügen, by which we actually did return; whilst, on the other side, the beginning of the Apennines, — the great chain of mountains which passes down the centre of Italy, — was clearly to be traced. Brescia, Verona, Lodi, Pavia, and Como are all, it is said, to be seen from the tower of the Cathedral; but I cannot say that I saw them, because I did not exactly know where to look for them, and so could not properly distinguish them.

As usual in these great churches, there are, in Milan Cathedral, a quantity of treasures shown to strangers. Silver figures of St. Ambrose and other saints; a gold crucifix, covered with precious stones; a book bound in gold; and, what pleased me almost as much as anything, the front of an altar-cloth worked by a lady who lived at the same time as San Carlo Borromeo. The Cathedral certainly takes the first place in my memory, when I think of Milan, — we went to it so often, and it seemed, in a degree, to give a sacred character to the city. But there was something else which, though totally different, afforded me, I think, a higher pleasure. You will consider it

strange when I tell you that it was nothing but an old faded picture, on the wall of an empty building, which had once been a church, but now was scarcely more than a barn. The picture was spoilt more than any valuable picture I ever saw ; the colours having worn away, different painters had at times tried to restore them, and had much changed the original expression. Some of the faces were evidently quite altered—three of the most beautiful were only shadows. It was merely the wreck of a picture ; and yet, when we stood before it, a party of six or seven persons, full of life and gaiety, we all became quite grave ; the few observations made were spoken in an under tone ; and, after seating ourselves before it for a considerable time, we went out silently, with but one feeling, that it would be impossible to forget it.

The picture was the representation of the Last Supper of our Blessed Lord, by an Italian painter, Leonardo da Vinci. There are many prints of it in England ; and I thought that I knew it well. But no lines, or colours, or words, can give any idea of the intense, awful beauty of the faded original in the old empty church. The expression of our Blessed Lord's Face is so wonderful in its Majesty and Love, that one could believe the painter who imagined it to have been inspired. Certainly, he was gifted with that humility which brings us, perhaps, nearer than any other grace to the mind of our Redeemer ; for it is said that he told the Duke of Milan, for whom the painting was executed, that he must leave the head of our Saviour imperfect, knowing that it would be in vain to seek for such a countenance on earth, and that he could not believe it in his own power to imagine the beauty which it ought to possess.

We saw the picture twice. I was curious to see whether it would produce the same effect on a second visit as at the first. I thought there might be something excited in our own imaginations, from having heard a great deal of it beforehand ; but the impression was just the same ; and we left it, feeling, as one of the party said, that to look at it was better than any sermon.

The churches of Milan, generally, with the exception of the Cathedral, are not very striking in their splendour. But there is one — St. Ambrose — which has a much higher interest. It is one of the oldest churches in Italy, built of brick, and was founded by St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, and dedicated by him to All Saints, on the 19th of June, in the year 387. It is, therefore, an admirable specimen of an early Christian church ; for, although it has been repaired and restored since, it has never been altered. There is a large court in front of it, surrounded by arcades ; and this was set apart for the Catechumens, or persons who were receiving instruction previous to being admitted to the privileges of baptism, and who were not allowed to worship in the body of the church. In the walls of this court are inserted many very old tombstones of the first Christians,—the letters so worn as scarcely to be traced. One has a date of only three months after the dedication of the church. They carried one very far back into past years, and make one long to be able to converse with those whom they commemorate, and see and know for oneself the life which, in those primitive days, Christians used to live. The doors of the church have a remarkable history attached to them. They are said to have been placed originally at the great entrance to the cathedral, but to have

been removed to the Church of St. Ambrose, in consequence of their being connected with a celebrated event in the life of the bishop. The Emperor Theodosius was reigning over a large portion of the Roman Empire when St. Ambrose was Bishop of Milan. Theodosius was a religious and good prince, but too apt to give way to a passionate temper ; and, being offended with the inhabitants of one of his principal cities, he gave orders for a cruel massacre, contrary to a promise of pardon which he had given to St. Ambrose. On his return to Milan, he went to the Cathedral, as was his custom, intending to receive the Holy Communion ; but the Bishop met him at the church porch, and closed the doors against him, saying : — “ Sir, let not the splendours of your purple robes hinder you from being acquainted with the infirmities of the body which they cover. How will you stretch forth those hands in prayer that are still reeking with the blood of the innocent ? How will you presume, with such hands, to receive the most sacred Body of our Lord ? How will you lift up His precious Blood to those lips which lately uttered so savage a decree for the unjust shedding of so much blood ? Depart, therefore, and seek not, by a second offence, to aggravate your former fault.” The Emperor, not as might have been imagined, indignant, but overwhelmed with shame and repentance, retired. For eight months he remained shut out from the services of the Church, during which period he wore mourning garments, and gave every mark of true sorrow for sin. At the end of that time, he once more appeared at the entrance of the Cathedral ; and St. Ambrose, having made him consent to some strict laws, by which no harsh sentence could again be so hastily executed, granted him

absolution, and admitted him again to the full privileges of a Christian. The Church of St. Ambrose is dark and impressive at all times. It was particularly so when we saw it; for twilight was approaching, and the people were preparing for the evening service. The arches are low, wide, and circular; and there is a good deal of curious painting at the east end. The chair in which St. Ambrose used to sit when he was holding a council with the neighbouring bishops is still preserved.

Another building in Milan which pleased me excessively was the hospital. It was one of the most beautiful specimens we had seen of the brick buildings of Lombardy; and we drove in front of it several times for the pleasure of looking at it.

On the outside of the town there was, in former days, a hospital especially used at the time of the plague. It consists of a number of low rooms of brick, with prettily ornamented arches before them. They are built round a large green square; or, at least, such was the first plan; but only three sides have ever been finished. There was a chapel in the centre, but it is now filled with hay; and the rooms are let. San Carlo Borromeo, I believe, built the hospital; for in his days the plague in Milan was more fearful than can be imagined. It was strange to see how much pains had been taken to make the building pretty, though it was to be used for such a sad purpose. In our days, we should probably put up the cheapest brick building we could, and consider every thing like ornament wasted. This hospital, the Lazzaretto, as it is called, was used a few years ago, at a time when the cholera was raging at Milan.

Our usual drive at Milan was round the broad road,

planted with trees, which I noticed the first evening that we entered. It is the grand place for amusement and exercise; but the streets were more amusing than the drive. They were so much alike, that it was a perpetual puzzle to us to know where we were. One of the gentlemen who was with us during the early part of our stay at Milan was very clever at finding his way, and studied a map of the town so diligently, that he could take us about without any difficulty; but the very day we parted from him, as we were returning from the diligence office to the hotel, we took a wrong turning, and went I cannot say how far out of our road. Another day I set off with a lady to find out a palace, at which some beautiful pictures were to be seen, and, after wandering about up and down for an immense time, we only found our way back to the hotel by the aid of a good-natured little shopman, who not only gave us a direction in words, but, without being asked, flitted before us along the streets, with a cigar in his mouth, till he left us in safety in front of the hotel court-yard. One singular thing I remarked in some great houses was, that parts of the building were supported by enormous stone figures, bending down as if bearing the whole weight of the house. It almost made one's back ache to look at them.

Our last visit, on the last evening we were at Milan, was to the top of the Cathedral. I knew that I might probably see it again, yet it was impossible to leave it without great regret, and a feeling of thankfulness also, for the rest which our visits to it had been in the midst of the distraction of the city. As we came down from the tower, a man went up to see that no one was left amongst the galleries and turrets, and gave a loud and rather musical call, as a notice that

the doors below were about to be locked. The church was then nearly empty, but looked most glorious with the rich mysterious colour gleaming over it, softened by the approaching twilight. It pleased me much that evening to notice soldiers wandering into the Cathedral, one by one, and kneeling down to their evening prayers. One is so apt to fancy them a careless and thoughtless set of men, that it struck me particularly. I have said nothing as yet of the dress of the Milanese, for it is less remarkable than in many other places. The ladies wear bonnets; the lower classes generally go about without anything upon their heads, or only a handkerchief. I forget whether I saw many black veils, but I remember observing a procession of school-children with veils of white muslin, and thinking how amused my friends at home would be at the sight.

CHAP. XVIII.

WE left Milan for Genoa in Daval's carriage, with post-horses. Daval himself had been engaged to go, — I think to Florence, — with an English party. He would have been glad, and so should we, if we could have travelled with him in our old *voiturier* fashion; but time was becoming rather precious to us, and the constant change of horses in posting enables one to go at a much quicker rate, and much further in a day, than when the whole journey is to be managed with the same animals.

The country around Milan is flat, and continued so

the greater part of the way during our first day's journey. It was now the 13th of October, and the autumnal tints were spreading over the country. I imagine that the continued rains must have been a cause of the early fading of the trees; for when I returned to England, where the summer had been very fine, I remarked that the foliage was not as yellow as I had seen it in Italy three weeks before. The warmth, however, was still very agreeable. It was, in fact, just the kind of weather in which one is never made to think whether it is too hot or too cold. The quick travelling, also, was very pleasant, though the country was not interesting; the road following the course of a canal all the way to Pavia, and the only change being that of crossing the river Po, on a rickety bridge of boats. Pavia was the capital of Lombardy in the old times of the Lombard kings. Now it is a university, and considered one of the chief towns of the province. But it is a dull-looking place, and the wide deserted square and the long street through which we passed did not give me any great wish to stay there, though I believe there is a good deal worth seeing in the churches. One of the finest churches in Italy, belonging to a monastery or convent called the Certosa, is very near Pavia, and I confess it did vex me a little to be obliged to pass the avenue which led to it without being able to visit it; but we had no time to lose, and only stopped at Pavia to change horses. Soon afterwards we left Lombardy, and entered the dominions of the King of Sardinia. We dined at a little village, the name of which I forget, but I know that there was scarcely a house in the place, except the inn, the sign of which was "The Queen of England." We had a

charming drive after dinner. The distant mountains on each side of us, tipped with snow, were seen to the greatest advantage in a glorious sunset. In the west the sky was pink, and the mountains were purple; and in the east there was a most gorgeous orange colour, against which the trees stood out clear, as if every leaf was pencilled, whilst occasionally, through an open window in the tall tower of a church, the bright orange was seen melting into a most exquisite blue. We travelled on till it grew dark, and the stars glittering over our heads made me think of home, and the cliffs at Bonchurch, above which I had so often seen one particular set, known by the name of Ursa Major, or the Great Bear, the same which were now lighting us on our journey through Italy.

We were kept waiting a very long time for horses in the back street of the little town of Voghera, after passing which we entered the State of Genoa. This state was once, like Venice, independent, and governed by its own rulers, but since the year 1815 it has belonged to the King of Sardinia. The last post was performed with the aid of three horses; one a most astonishing creature, which on first setting off had not apparently the slightest idea that it had anything to do with the carriage, but supposed itself at liberty to gallop wherever it pleased, as in an open field. I happened to be on the front seat, so that I had the full benefit of its movements. It was fastened on before the others, but every now and then it took a fancy to trot by their side; then, with a sudden rush, it advanced to the front; and, in another moment, before one had time to prepare oneself, it was out of sight round a sharp corner. I was glad when we were out of the streets, and in an open road, though the other

horses kept the carriage tolerably steady ; its vagaries were over then, and we went on quietly enough to Novi, where we were to sleep.

The following are the remarks which I find in my note-book, written that night before I went to bed :—
“ Novi, about half-past eight. Know nothing of the place ; only, —smoky tea, and indifferent bread ; curtains to the doors, carpets lined with straw, like Verona ; and little boys for chambermaids.”

The next day's journey was short, for we set off about eight, and reached Genoa in the middle of the day. The scenery was much more interesting than before, as we soon reached the beginning of the Apennines, and the road wound in and out amongst hills covered with groves of chestnuts mingled with rugged rocks. The autumnal appearance of the country was a little melancholy ; the leaves of the chestnuts were falling, and the vines fading, the sky was dull and heavy, and the air almost cold. We passed several villages very much alike, the houses being square and white, and built of stone ; but our chief object of interest was the railroad, which has lately been begun, and is intended to be carried on between Genoa and Turin. It will be a wonderful work when it is completed, for it must be cut quite through the mountains ; and we can scarcely imagine in England the labour of such an undertaking. The carriage-road was a continual slow ascent for several miles. As we reached the top, and began to descend on the other side, I observed in an opening between the hills what seemed at first a line of grey clouds. On a second glance I saw that it must be the sea—the Mediterranean ! It was a little disappointing. The blue Mediterranean, I had always heard it called ; to me it was a very grey

Mediterranean; but, then, I was in Italy in the middle of October, in a very wet season,—what else could I expect? We were now rapidly approaching Genoa, travelling along a wide road, and passing many large houses; and after a descent of a few miles found ourselves in a wide street, close to the waters of the Mediterranean, whilst far away to the right stretched a long circle of high hills, covered with vineyards, and houses, and villages;—and becoming grey and misty, as they marked the most distant outline of the beautiful Gulf of Genoa. The first glance of that exceedingly lovely coast made my heart thrill with delight; but the houses in the street shut it out from our view, and I felt disappointed. If we had entered Genoa, Genoa was not what I had expected; the street was wide, but there was nothing grand or solemn about it as I had been led to expect. We went on, however, and I found that the street was but the suburb of San Pietro d'Arena, or St. Peter of the Shore. It was soon left behind us, and we were driving up a hill, by a tall and beautiful building—a “lanterna” or lighthouse, and in another minute we had passed under a handsome archway, and Genoa la Superba—Genoa the Proud, as the Italians love to call it,—burst upon our view. It is fitly so named; I know no other word which would fully express the grandeur and the beauty of its position. It is built round a harbour; the form of the city, therefore, is that of a half-circle. The houses rise one behind another, not smoke-dried and dingy, but of a pale rich yellow colour, such as can only be preserved under an Italian sky. High hills, and vineyards, and villas surround it, and mountains, on which the clouds often rest, stand behind to guard it; the waters of the Mediterranean fill its splendid harbour,

and close to the shore, mingling as it seems with the buildings, are the tall masts of the ships which carry on its trade; whilst beyond, a dark point of land stretches out into the sea, giving a faint idea of the loveliness yet unseen.

We drove round the harbour, threaded our way between the men, women, children, carts, and mules that thronged the road and the streets, and at last stopped before the entrance to the Albergo Reale, or Royal Hotel. A true disappointment began there. We had been recommended to the hotel, but it was not a good one, for it was dirty and noisy; amongst other sounds, a smith's anvil beginning its work at four o'clock in the morning, and continuing without ceasing till nine at night. There was no view from it, or, at least, none from the lower windows. This, indeed, must be the case with all the hotels close to the harbour; for round the harbour has been built a very broad wall, upon the top of which it is extremely pleasant to walk, but which entirely shuts out every thing like a view from the lower part of the houses in front of it. The circumstance was particularly unfortunate for us, one of our party being still unable to walk. The space below the windows was open, and frequented by a good many people, who seemed to hold a kind of market there; but not to see the sea was especially vexatious.

We had a very long and most fatiguing walk after dinner. We talked of merely going to the post-office, but it was not very easy, in a new and interesting place, to prevent ourselves from going a little farther — so we proceeded to some public gardens in the centre of the town, called the Acqua Sola. The walk gave us a very tolerable idea of the city, which was

much more active and bustling than I was prepared for. There are a number of splendid old houses and palaces—one street, called the Street of Palaces, having no inferior house in it; but the general appearance of the place is that of a gay, busy, thriving town: numbers of people are to be seen moving about; every one seems to have plenty to do; and the stands of carriages, the well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, and the officers and soldiers of the Sardinian army, give it quite the air of a capital city.

It is not the capital, however — that honour belongs to Turin; but it is said that the King of Sardinia is inclined to like the Genoese best, because they are so much more loyal. The streets are extremely narrow, and this certainly gives it rather a grand and gloomy appearance, especially in the Street of Palaces, where the houses are so particularly handsome; or, rather, it would do so, were it not for the business which is going on in them. A large portion of the town is built upon a hill, and in some parts, instead of streets or lanes, there are flights of steps. The public gardens are very high, and from them there is a fine view over the town, and over a suburb called Albaro, which afterwards became particularly interesting to us.

We lost our way in going home, and lengthened our walk till we were quite tired out. Yet it was a very amusing wandering; there was as much bustle in the streets as if it had been broad daylight. Priests and soldiers, men, women, children, and carts, passing and repassing; women sitting out of doors selling fruit, and working by the light of little tapers, which shed a curious faint glare over the tall houses, some of them seven stories high, and forming streets so narrow that the sky above looked only like a dark line. All the women of the poorer classes, both old and

young, wear white muslin veils, thrown over the head, and covering their necks like a handkerchief or small shawl. It is, in fact, their only out-of-door dress in the summer. These veils look extremely pretty, but very singular to an English eye. I never became quite accustomed to them, even when we had been at Genoa some days ; and still felt surprised when a woman, professing to be a cook, and wearing a white muslin veil, came to engage herself as a servant. You will be surprised to hear of our having anything to do with hiring servants ; but some of our party were intending to remain at Genoa for the winter ; and a great part of our time during the few days we were there was occupied in looking out for a house for them, and making all the necessary arrangements. The very day after our arrival, we set to work in the regular English fashion, applying to a house agent, an Italian, a very civil man, who had several houses to let ; and, after giving us all the information we asked, sent us off on a journey of inquiry, that we might see and judge for ourselves. The first house was at the top of a very steep street, and too much shut in by other houses—that, we decided almost immediately, was not likely to suit ; indeed, we were bent upon finding a house out of the town ; so we walked to the square, where we knew we should find a stand of carriages ; and, having engaged one, told the man to drive us to the “Palazzo Paradisino,” or the “Palace of the Little Paradise,” a place that we had heard was to be let in the village of Albaro, which is quite close to the town of Genoa, and indeed almost forms part of it. We rattled through the streets, passed under a great archway, and along a dusty road, with houses and vineyards on each side, and a view of the Medi-

terranean beyond ; and then drove up a very steep hill, and stopped before some iron gates, looking as if they, as well as the house to which they belonged, had known better days. Here we all left the carriage; and, the gates being open, we entered without ceremony, and walked up to the house—not along a smooth carriage drive, but over a pavé or a road formed of small stones, amongst which grass had space to flourish luxuriantly. The pavé was very steep, and bordered by vineyards. It led to the front of the house, which was covered with creepers, and before which grew orange trees, verbenas, geraniums, oleanders, and aloes;—almost every thing, in fact, that one could wish for was to be found there, except neatness. And such a lovely view!—over the villas and vineyards of Albaro; and the rich, yellow-tinted houses, and towers, and domes of Genoa; with the forest of masts in the harbour, and the chestnut hills behind it; to the purple mountains far in the distance, which encircle the Gulf. It certainly was not inaptly named the Little Paradise. Within there was a hall empty of furniture, the walls covered with faded paintings, and from this a short flight of steps led to a set of rooms opening one into the other—a drawing-room, a small dining-room, and two or three bed-rooms—dingy, certainly, as regarded the appearance of the furniture, but bright from the loveliness of the view seen through the window.

These apartments were to be let for about two pounds a week. They were very much what were required, but we would not determine upon them without seeing a few more of the Albaro houses first. We found none, however, at all equal to it. One was too much shut in, another was too high and too far from the town, and they all had a great disadvantage in the

way of approach ; for, instead of a broad easy road leading to them, they could be reached only through paved lanes, with high walls on each side, and so narrow, that it would have been actually impossible for two carriages to pass. This seems to be the case all round Genoa. The hills are covered with vineyards, and the vineyards are enclosed with walls ; and amongst them the villas or country-houses have been built. There does not appear to be any difficulty in going from one vineyard to another — they and the gardens and houses seem all one. The quiet indolent way in which every thing in Italy is managed is most amusing. When we went to the Paradisino the door was locked. A woman looked out of the window, smiled, and seemed pleased to see us, but did not give us any hope of being admitted. After a time she came down to us. We asked to see the house. This she declared was impossible — the master was out, and she had not the keys — we could not get in. “ But,” we said, “ you have just come out ; can’t we go in by the same entrance ? ” “ Oh no ! it was out of the question — she had not the keys.” We could get nothing more from her, and might have gone away but for the assistance of an Italian gentleman who was living in the upper rooms, and who admitted us by another door. The same kind of difficulty happened afterwards. An old woman, who we were told had the keys of a house, assured us it was quite impossible for us to see it — it was locked. After a long parley, we persuaded her at least to show us the way to it through the garden ; and then, upon meeting with a bare-footed labouring man, they consulted together, and decided that we might go in if we liked it, and see the lower rooms. As for any eagerness in

the matter, it never seemed to enter their minds, that it was a case of the smallest consequence to them or to us.

Choosing the house occupied us the greater part of the day, for some of the party were obliged to go again to the Paradisino in the afternoon to decide upon finally taking it. I was not with them, for I had some shopping to do, and therefore set forth boldly by myself to what is called the Goldsmith's Street, which was not far from the hotel. It is a narrow street with small shops on each side, filled with silver, and gold, and coral ornaments, most beautifully worked, for which Genoa is famous. I suppose I must have spent an hour or more in this street, looking at the different things, and choosing what I wanted; and at last I finished by finding my way to another street, and purchasing a bright blue umbrella; such a lovely colour, that it almost made me wish for rain for the pleasure of using it! The brilliancy of the umbrellas always struck me particularly in Italy — blue, and bright green, and red, and lilac — they quite enlivened the streets on a wet day; and there was a most comfortable fashion, of having stands of umbrellas for sale in the streets. Indeed, they seem to provide against rain much more than we do. I saw more umbrellas at Genoa than I have ever observed commonly in England.

CHAP. XIX.

WHEN once the question of the house was settled, we had time to think of seeing more of Genoa. The

weather was much against us, it being very cloudy and threatening; but in spite of it we put ourselves into a boat, the morning after our visit to the Paradisino, and told the boatmen to row across the harbour to the Doria Palace. This palace formerly belonged to a great Genoese admiral — Andrea Doria — a man who, in the days when the Venetians and the Genoese were rivals, was looked up to as the chief person in the State. His palace and gardens border the harbour; and we could easily have driven to them through the streets, but the water looked inviting, and we thought we should be there in a few minutes. It was a great mistake though; the wind was blowing freshly, the sea was rough; one landing-place, close to the palace, we were told was shut up, another could not be reached, and, instead of merely gliding across smooth water for about ten minutes, as we had intended, we had a rough passage of at least twenty or more, quite enough to make those who were not good sailors very uncomfortable. We landed so far from the palace, that we were not able to walk to it; and, seeing a carriage come by with a respectable looking peasant woman and a boy in it, we made a sign to the driver, who stopped, and took two of us into it also. It seems a custom in Genoa to use carriages as we do omnibuses, for the convenience of persons who are going short distances. We several times saw the labouring people in them.

The Doria Palace is chiefly remarkable now for its situation. We did not go into the interior, for we were told that there was very little to be seen there except empty rooms. The gardens might be most beautiful, but they are sadly neglected, overrun with weeds, and grass, and the shrubs growing wildly, so

that it looks like a wilderness. But that which nothing can destroy is the view over the harbour, from the broad white marble terrace, which borders the water. The profusion of white marble in Genoa is indeed bewildering at first. Steps, balustrades, and pavements are made of it; one begins at last to consider it quite a common every-day material, like stone, or even brick, in England. A great statue of Andrea Doria, under the figure of one of the heathen gods, stands in the centre of a fountain in the garden. I believe it is considered very fine, but it did not in the least please me.

After leaving the palace, I walked with one of my friends on the broad wall which I described as being built round the harbour; and which, like the terrace in the Doria Palace, is of marble. We were tempted afterwards to wander all along the ramparts, till we found ourselves in some of the back streets, where all the work for the shipping is carried on. It was a curious walk, but not quite agreeable. The streets were narrow, and there were dark passages and archways to go through, full of bustle and business — smiths at work in them — mules passing backwards and forwards with coals — the sights and smells of a seaport town; very unlike the stately grandeur of the Street of Palaces, or the richness of the Goldsmith's Street. We managed, however, to make our way tolerably well before we returned home, paid a visit to the more habitable parts of the town, and saw the Cathedral, which is built of black and white marble, and is very handsome, and I felt that I ought to admire it. But, to confess the truth, I did not. The black and white stripes of the marble were very unpleasant to an eye unaccustomed to them. Torrents

if rain came the next day, and the day after, but the weather did not keep us quite within doors. We spent one morning at one of the palaces, or noble-men's houses, looking at some splendid pictures, and walked about besides in the wet streets without much regard to the rain. The articles in the shops struck me as very English, — English shawls, English silks, English handkerchiefs ! In this respect I was a little disappointed ; there were not even as many peculiarities as we had observed at Venice, and the prices of everything were very much the same as in England.

We had intended to take possession of the Paradisino on the Saturday after our arrival at Genoa, to spend the Sunday there, and set off on our return to England on the Monday, leaving behind us those of our party who proposed to remain during the winter at Genoa. The lady's maid, however, was taken ill, and we could not leave her at the hotel alone ; so we all went up to the Paradisino to dine, and then three of us returned to Genoa to sleep. Yet even that one evening in the country was delightful, and made me half wish that I could stay behind, instead of returning to England. It was so quiet and refreshing after the noise of Genoa, and the perpetual sound of the smith's anvil near the hotel ; and it was so very home-like to find oneself in a private house after having for months lived at hotels. The view, too, was most exquisite. I longed to spend two or three days there for the pleasure of looking upon it in the early morning. The great drawback to the comfort of the household establishment at the Paradisino was the Italian cook, who boasted the grand name of Camilla, and had assured us, when she was engaged, that all her former masters and mistresses had been delighted with her.

She proved, however, to be utterly incapable; so wise in her own opinion, and so foolish in that of every other person, that we did not venture to trust ourselves to the chance of her providing a dinner for us the next day, but arranged that we would go to a species of hotel, where we could have what we wanted without trouble. We walked up to breakfast at the Paradisino the next morning. A good deal of business was going on in the streets, especially in the way of selling fruit; figs were to be seen in profusion. I saw a little boy in Albaro, a peasant's child, apparently, leaning against a wall, eating his breakfast of figs and a roll most luxuriously. The labouring people certainly do not look as wretched as they often do in England, and they have a gayer, brighter, manner; but the beggars are most deplorable; worse, I think, than I have ever seen them in our own country. When we went again into Genoa, in the morning, to the English chapel, a band was playing in one of the squares, and well-dressed ladies and gentlemen were walking up and down; but there was then very little buying and selling.

Our last evening at Genoa was stormy; there was no rain, but the wind rose, and the sky was cloudy, and we gave up all hope of seeing the Mediterranean look blue. We were to leave the Paradisino the next morning at five, and go to a café in Genoa to breakfast, for as to trusting to Camilla's energies to prepare anything in time, it was out of the question. A good deal of packing and many arrangements were necessary at the last, for this departure was unlike any other that we had lately been accustomed to. It was really starting for England; for we were to travel as fast as we could, not pausing for any sight or any beauty; and

indeed, I had scarcely the wish to do so. After being absent from home four months, the most eager desire I had was to find myself there again. We all slept at the Paradisino on Sunday night, and I had the pleasure of waking in the morning and looking at the view; but there was little time then really to enjoy it. You may imagine how our friends, who were to remain, stood in the hall watching the carriage which was to take us away, and how many times we said good b'ye, and promised to write, and hoped that all would go well with each other whilst we were separated. Boxes, and bags, and packages were all collected and ready at length;—everything but my poor blue umbrella, which in the whirl of moving from the hotel to the Paradisino had most unfortunately been lost; there was nothing more to be said or done, and we also took our seats in the carriage, and with one more look at the Paradisino and its inhabitants, drove off.

My last remembrance of Genoa is a white marble one; for it is a recollection of the white marble steps leading up to the café at which we breakfasted, and the white marble court ornamented with orange trees and a fountain. I have a recollection too of a handsome room full of gilding and coloured glass, in which we sat at a little round table, and ordered rolls, and coffee, and eggs, and cutlets, to the consternation of the waiter, who apparently did not comprehend why we should have chosen such an early hour as half-past six for our repast; and neither am I likely to forget how we passed from the gilding, and the marble, and the orange trees, and the fountain, to the narrow street, and the heavy rumbling diligence which was to convey us on our journey, and felt that at last we were fairly on our way to

England. The particulars of this homeward journey must be given shortly. When persons travel almost night and day, there is but little to tell.

Our first day's journey was in no way remarkable. We rattled along in the diligence, and slept, and read, and passed our time as best we could, till the middle of the day, when we stopped to dine, and proceeded in the afternoon by the railway to Alessandria, where we slept. The next day was rather more adventurous. It began badly, for we had very uncomfortable places in the diligence; and had not become accustomed to them before we reached a river which had overflowed, and in which the diligence stuck fast for three quarters of an hour. In England, ten minutes, probably, would have been sufficient to get out of the difficulty, but in Italy they manage things differently. The conducteur, or driver, and the peasants who collected about us, looked, and talked, and scolded the horses; and little boys came up, and shouted, and laughed; but the diligence had a stronger will than theirs, and move it would not for all their talking. It was too heavily laden, thought the conducteur,—and he proceeded to unload it of its living luggage; passenger after passenger being carried through the water, on the backs of men, and deposited firmly on dry land. They came to us at last. My friend said she did not choose to go; I said the same; and the men agreed to let us remain; but they seized upon a sturdy old farmer, and a tall Roman Catholic priest, and placing the farmer upon the back of one man, they sent him off, and then proceeded to carry away the priest also. But it was of no avail; the diligence was still obstinate, and what was to be done?

Italian brains are unquestionably more fertile than English. I am convinced no Englishman, if he had

thought from the day of his birth till his death, would ever have hit upon the aid which suggested itself to the minds of these *quick-witted* Italians. Five stout horses had failed to move the diligence, therefore, they brought up a donkey ! placed him in front, and shouted, and talked, and urged once more.

The best schemes, however, are liable to fail ; the donkey was no doubt a strong donkey and a willing, but the diligence was stronger and unwilling, and it won the day ; and we might have remained there till this time for any efforts that the donkey could use ; but, happily, some great oxen were sent to our rescue, and by their aid we were at length dragged up the bank of the river, and fairly set forth again on our way to Milan.

The loss of three quarters of an hour is, however, a serious matter in a long journey towards the end of October ; for the days are short, and in spite of all one's wishes, evening will draw on before one is aware of it ; and so we found ourselves on the banks of another river, the Ticino, rather late, with a red sunset, and some dark clouds in the sky, suggesting not very agreeable ideas of a thunder storm. Our friend, the farmer, knew the road well, and proceeded to give us some information about it. There was a ferry over the river, he said ; but the Ticino,—like almost all the other rivers which it had been our fate to meet with in our travels,—had overflowed ; he did not think we could cross the ferry, but instead, he imagined we must all go over in a boat. We had scarcely realised the idea, when the diligence stopped by the side of a broad, smooth, spreading river, with low, flat, sandy banks ; and a large rough boat being brought to the shore, we were desired to alight and place ourselves in it.

Luggage and passengers — how much and how many I will not venture to say — all found room in it; and in really a short space of time we were gliding up the river, pulled and pushed by five or six men with bronze faces, white shirts, and bare legs, who waded through the water or jumped into the boat, just as the fancy seized them. I could not guess where we were going: we went up the river, not across it; and what we were going for was also rather a mystery. It was growing dark, the banks of the river were sandy, nothing was to be seen but the smooth water, or the tall reeds and grass of a desolate little island in the centre of the stream. Now and then a shout rang upon our ears, followed by a listening silence; that, too, was a mystery. The boatmen talked, but their Milanese language might just as well have been Hebrew or Greek for anything I could understand from it. It was all very odd, and I thought of home, and wondered whether my friends would guess where to look for me if they wanted to find me. There was nothing, I believed, to frighten one; but an unfortunate French lady, who was seated by my side, was not of the same opinion. To be upon the water was evidently to her to be at the very utmost point of danger, and after a few useless lamentations and exclamations, she buried her face in her hands and sank into the silence of overpowering fear. The boat wandered on, and the cries grew more frequent, and the talking amongst the boatmen more energetic. They were expecting a diligence to meet us on the opposite side of the river; but from some cause, I suppose the lateness of our arrival, it was not there. We drew near the opposite bank, and, after an earnest consultation between the boatmen, we were informed that the only *thing to be done* was to turn back. This certainly

did appear to me the most hopeless of all proceedings. We had left a sandy beach, a desolate country, without a house to be seen. The diligence which had brought us there was in all probability gone, and when we should reach the shore what help could we expect to find there? Our thoughts, however, were of no avail to any one but ourselves: we were completely in the boatmen's power, and they were determined, it seemed, upon returning. So the boat twisted and turned till I lost all knowledge of which was the north and which the south, and we soon found ourselves again in the middle of the river. By this time I had some faint idea of the reasons which induced our boatmen to insist so eagerly upon going back. The opposite side of the river was in the Austrian territories. Officers were stationed there to search the luggage. There was great jealousy and suspicion of every one coming from the dominions of the King of Sardinia, and unless the diligence had been ready to meet us, and so to account for our proceedings, we should be looked upon as suspicious persons, and be shot if we attempted to land. This was the story of the boatmen, and they certainly believed it themselves, for they were in a great fright. I have no doubt that it was a most absurd idea, but the absurdity did not help us just at that moment. We were wandering up and down the Ticino, night was approaching, and a thunder storm was beginning, and what we were to do upon landing no one seemed to know. The boatmen's uneasiness increased every moment. They would allow no one to stir, and insisted that a gentleman of our party, who was standing up to put on his great coat, should instantly sit down. "Il y va de la vie," "Our lives depend upon it," I heard some

one say ; and having only a half knowledge of what was going on, the words did not tend to make me more comfortable. We all grew very silent. The poor French lady sat motionless, her face still buried in her hands, whilst a stout, lively, dark-whiskered Italian, who had been most eager in conversation before, sank suddenly from the edge of the boat to the bottom, as a vivid flash of lightning brightened the dark sky. I became more and more perplexed ; there certainly, I thought, must be some danger which I could not comprehend. But we approached the shore again ; several men were standing upon a high bank watching us : the excitement amongst the boatmen became excessive. I caught the words, "*pregar alla Madonna*"—pray to the Virgin Mary,—the constant prayer of a Romanist in peril. Then, for one moment, I was seriously alarmed. I had no intention of praying to the Virgin Mary, but another prayer did rise in my mind. Yet at that very instant all cause for anxiety—if there ever had been any—was over. We had reached—in some way or other, I do not pretend to understand how—the spot where our conveyance was waiting ; the men on the bank were persons in readiness to help us, and we had nothing to do but to step on shore, take our seats, and pursue our journey to Milan.

A more absurd panic could scarcely have been ; and we laughed heartily at the adventure afterwards. I scarcely ventured to acknowledge that I had felt any real alarm,—it seemed so ludicrous ; but for truth's sake I must confess that my mind was considerably relieved when I found myself seated in a carriage, instead of wandering up and down the Ticino in a boat.

We did not arrive at Milan till twelve o'clock at

night; and most forlorn it was to be standing at that hour, in the court-yard of the diligence office, guarding our luggage, and waiting for a porter to take us to the hotel, the *Albergo Reale*. But when we reached it the feeling of rest and home was delightful. The waiter knew us; so did the chambermaid, a remarkably kind-hearted Swiss girl, who had been most careful for our comfort when we were at Milan before. We were received quite as old friends; tea was brought us directly, and when that was over we went to rest.

This late arrival and the fatigue of the journey induced us to spend the next day at Milan. We enjoyed ourselves at our leisure in the day, and I made a purchase of a second blue umbrella, and so charmed the woman of the shop that she seized both my hands, and called me "*Cara Signora!*"—dear lady!—I suppose—in gratitude; and then we finished our ramble by a visit to the Cathedral, and a quarter of an hour's rest and peace in it.

In the evening we went to a curious kind of puppet-show or theatre, common in Italy, the figures being of wood, but nearly as large as life. The arms were moved wonderfully, but in walking both legs would set off at the same time, which was slightly remarkable. Upon the whole I contrived to extract a considerable quantity of amusement from them, and before I came away felt particularly anxious to learn the fate of an unhappy lady-puppet who had been taken prisoner by a most fierce robber. We did not, however, wait till the end, and whether she ever escaped from him I am still ignorant.

We remained at Milan till two o'clock the next day. Then we took possession of the *Malle Poste*, as it is called,—in England in former days we should have termed it the Mail,—which carries the letters. We

were to travel all night and all the next day. And so we did, on, and on, without rest, except for a quarter of an hour every now and then. We passed by Lecco, at the south-east extremity of the lake of Como, and looked out eagerly for the beautiful mountains and the water; and sighed, and bemoaned our hard fate that it should be so dark as to prevent our seeing any thing clearly of their exquisite beauty; and then we went on in the dark to Chiavenna; and from thence I did not know where, for I fell asleep. But about five o'clock in the morning, just as it was growing very cold, and a dull light was creeping over the sky, I awoke, and saw that we were ascending a mountain, shadowy and grim as the autumn morning; trunks of leafless trees being scattered around, and grey rocks looking like ghosts, and turf, which might be green in the sunshine, but partook then of the universal colour; and we said to each other that we were ascending the Splügen, one of the great mountain passes between Italy and Switzerland.

To attempt to describe a mountain view at five o'clock in the morning in autumn, seen from the inside of a Swiss diligence,—for we had been obliged to change carriages several times on our journey,—would be absurd. I have a general idea of what the Splügen is like, but nothing more; I know that there were rocks, and precipices, and galleries, and covered ways to protect the road from avalanches, but the distant views were very imperfectly seen. We stopped at the little village of Splügen, about half-past twelve o'clock, and dined there. By that time we had passed the summit of the mountain, and had been descending for about an hour on the Swiss side. Here the diligence was changed again, which was a great annoyance,

for, besides the trouble, we were not always secure of having good seats. We were very unfortunate in this instance, and, being placed with our backs to the horses, lost a great deal of one of the grandest ravines in Switzerland,—the Via Mala, or the Bad Way; so named from the height of the cliffs, the narrowness of the gorge, and the difficulty of making a road through it. If we had been ascending instead of descending, I should have begged to get out and walk, but it would have been impossible to keep pace with the diligence as it went rapidly down the hill; and I could only obtain a passing glimpse of the giant rocks and the depth below; through which rushed the Rhine, which has its rise in the neighbourhood of the Splügen. Very strange, certainly, it was to see the tossing little torrent, and think of the broad smooth river which it afterwards becomes. A part of the Via Mala was in former days considered quite impassable, the walls of rock were so steep and smooth that not even a goat could find a footing amongst them, and the peasants gave it the name of the Lost Gulf; and, instead of attempting to make their way through it, clambered over the mountains whenever they wanted to go to the villages on the other side. But in these days no difficulties of this kind seem too great to be overcome, and the person who undertook to form a road through the Via Mala avoided the Lost Gulf by piercing the rock, and carrying the road through the cliff by a gallery. The cliffs which form the ravine are in some places 1600 feet high, and not more than ten yards apart. Bridges have been built over the river in different parts, which form some of the most striking objects in the whole scene. One of them is 400 feet above the river, and yet, in the year 1834, in consequence of a terrible

flood, the water nearly reached to its level. We had a long day's journey after the Via Mala, through a very pretty country, interesting especially because we could trace the course of the Rhine, which we were following. It was dark long before we reached Coire, a town in the canton of the Grisons, where we were to sleep; and after so much travelling we were uncommonly tired. There was only time, however, to have tea and go to bed for a few hours. At half-past three I was awakened again, and at five we found ourselves once more in the diligence travelling on in the twilight, not knowing quite whether we were asleep or awake. By the middle of the day we had reached the shores of Lake Wallenstadt, which, doubtless, is very grand and very delightful on a warm summer's day, when one can sit at one's ease in the sunshine, and admire the great steep cliffs which surrounds it, but which was uncommonly cold and dreary that afternoon. It is a small lake, and we soon crossed it in a steam vessel, and proceeded in a covered boat, by a canal which joins Lake Wallenstadt, to the lake of Zurich. There another steamer was waiting for us, and after a tiresome passage of several hours, the greater part of which was spent in the cabin, the cold being too great to allow of our remaining on deck, we landed at Zurich.

A diligence journey to Basle, a railway to Mannheim, and a steamboat to Cologne, brought us in the course of the next few days very near England. They were not days of comfort by any means. The weather was far too cold to be agreeable, and we travelled too fast to see anything properly. We were now so anxious to be at home that it was with considerable satisfaction we learnt on reaching the Hotel Disch, our old quarters, that we might, by starting early the next morning,

arrive at Ostend in time for the packet which would cross that same night. I am not sure, even, that I felt regret at not having another glimpse of Cologne Cathedral; the longing for home, after an absence of four months, made one forget every thing else; and I really think I left Cologne, on my return, with quite as much satisfaction as I had felt upon entering it when I set out on my travels.

One more long railway journey,—cheered, however, by meeting a friend, who like ourselves was on her way to England,—four hours of discomfort in the cabin of the steam vessel,—and another hour of annoyance as we were detained outside the harbour at Dover, because the tide would not allow us to enter,—and then once more we were upon English ground!

I will not say that the hotel at Dover looked very bright after the glittering rooms of the Hotel Disch; or that the dingy four-post bed was equal in comfort and convenience to a French or German bed. In these respects, and many others, we are much behind our neighbours. But if any one is inclined to ask whether the things I had seen and enjoyed, made me discontented with my own country, or gave me the least wish to live abroad, I can answer from my heart that I returned satisfied with an English climate, thankful for English laws and customs, and with one earnest hope that I might never be insensible to the inestimable blessings bestowed upon the members of the English Church.

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